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NAPOLEON III

SIR WILLIAM FRASER

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NAPOLEON III.

(*MY RECOLLECTIONS*)

BY

SIR WILLIAM FRASER, BARONET:

M.A. OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD:

AUTHOR OF

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NAPOLEON III.

NAPOLEON III. when living in London as a young man proposed marriage to two ladies, both of whom I had the honour of knowing: I use the term honour advisedly; for the lives of both have shown them to be exemplary women.

One was the daughter of M^r^ and M^rs^ Rowles, who had a large house at the North end of Stratton Street, Piccadilly. The mother of this young lady was an Italian: and may possibly have been connected with the Buonaparte family.

M^rs^ Rowles had been in her youth, as my mother informed me, one of the most beautiful women in Europe. When I knew her, in advanced middle age, I could see no trace of the charms which she had pos-

sessed ; except a lithe and very sinuous figure ; and a very gentle manner. This lady seems to have had, not only 'the fatal gift of Beauty,' but something of that power of Destiny, which Italians occasionally give to those who are pre-eminent in this respect.

Residing for the Autumn at Ramsgate with her husband, they became acquainted with a young and rising lawyer. Nothing was ever suggested that was not strictly within the borders of propriety. There can be no doubt that the young man became the victim of one of those infatuations which exist even in this prosaic century. Soon after their return to Stratton Street, they invited him to dine. He accepted the invitation ; and showed no signs of emotion, nor broken-heartedness. He went home to his Chambers ; and destroyed himself that night. Many years after this event M^rs^ Rowles's husband, an elderly man, whom I can remember, of the most prosaic character, put an end to himself.

Their daughter, to whom the Emperor

proposed marriage, some years later married an Italian holding a high official position under the Papal Government of Rome.

Prince Louis was a frequent visitor at Camden House, Chislehurst, at that time the property of M^r and M^rs Rowles. It was from this lady that I had a letter of personal introduction to the Prince soon after his election to be President of the French Republic: and it was at Camden House that I had an interesting interview with him not long before his death. Of this hereafter.

M^rs Rowles's second husband was General James Craufurd, a descendant of my great grand-uncle, Quintin Craufurd.

THE SECOND YOUNG LADY who might have been an Empress was the daughter of an Officer of noble Irish family; who served on the Staff at Waterloo; and was wounded there. Her mother, of a great English family, was the adopted daughter of M^rs Fitzherbert, well known in

her relation to George IV. To this adopted daughter M^rs^ Fitzherbert bequeathed her large house in Tilney Street, Park Lane, at present occupied by Lord Manvers. The young lady married a nobleman holding a high position in the West of England.

The marriage took place in Devonshire; at that time

'Penitus toto divisus orbe:'

the nearest railway station to his Lordship's place being at Tiverton. Prince Louis with chivalrous loyalty attended the wedding: he travelled from Tiverton to the ancestral mansion of the bridegroom in company with the bride's brother; who subsequently inherited his family Earldom. In the post-chaise he communicated to his companion the fact that King Louis Philippe had given him ten days to escape from his prison at Ham: that he was liberated by the sanction of the King. This was told to me by the recipient of the statement many years ago. After a long interval I put to him the

question as regards this fact; and received precisely the same particulars.

I have carefully read the account of the escape in 'The Prisoner of Ham,' a book evidently published by authority: I can find nothing inconsistent with this statement.

I believe that the friend mentioned as providing a pass-port was Lord Malmesbury.

AFTER the presentation of my note of introduction, I was invited to an evening party at the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon. Lord Normanby, at the time our Ambassador in Paris, introduced me.

Prince Louis' residence when in London was, I^c King Street, Saint James's Square: the house bears one of those light blue plaques which seem to be unworthy of The Society of Arts, who placed them: there being in every case a horizontal line between the proper name and the verb.

When he entered London with the Em-

press he pointed down King Street from Saint James's Street.

SOON AFTER Prince Louis was elected President, I witnessed a Review in the Bois de Boulogne of the Garrison of Paris by General Changarnier. The General wore a brown wig; his uniform, and 'make up' being somewhat old-fashioned. When about half the column had marched past the President cantered up, followed only by a groom; riding, as he invariably did, a handsome English horse. He was in plain clothes, without decoration. He and General Changarnier exchanged salutes; very deferential on the part of the Emperor; and courteous on that of the General. I could see distinctly in the latter's face that he held the man bearing the august name of Napoleon very cheap. He little knew what was coming.

The dress of the Emperor, from the first occasion on which I saw him riding in Rotten Row, was not that of a man who

knew how to dress. It was not the least careless: it was precisely contrary to the term of the author of 'Pelham,' a 'studied *negligé*:' it was distinctly what the French call *apprêté*: represented in some measure by the British term 'got up:' but without success. I should say that he was dressed after the fashion-books: with considerable tightness; yet not neat: his clothes invariably of sombre colours; trousers strapped down; a frock coat always buttoned: at that time unusual.

At no time of his life could the Emperor have been handsome. I remember at Oxford an Undergraduate known in Christchurch as 'the sick vulture.' I should say the ornithological resemblance of the Emperor was a sick eagle: his head held slightly on one side; an abstracted look; his eyes small, and not at all prominent; his hair of a fine texture, not profuse; and lying flat on his head.

I remember at this period quoting to a young lady in Kensington Gardens from a

French newspaper. 'His air is gentle as a young girl: proud as that of a warrior:' she replied, "Why he's 'ardly any 'air at all!" This was not true: his hair, which was very fine, was of a dull brown; it was not allowed to grow long.

Napoleon III.'s closest resemblance to the Buonaparte family was in his back. I have seen him and his uncle Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, riding together at a Review: one could hardly tell one from the other, when seen from behind.

His feet were not badly shaped, but unmeaning: his hands large, and muscular; with exceptionally short thumbs. When in uniform his breast was perfectly smooth; a padded style of uniform. Whether under this he wore, as some believed, a thin coat of chain-mail I do not know: but, did he do so, it was not observable.

On the morning of the day on which the very serious attempt was made to assassinate him near the Opera-House, by means of explosive shells, he happened to drive

past the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf: he remarked to a friend, "The only man whom a Monarch need fear is the man with a knife: that man must be prepared to sacrifice his own life: the others need not be so."

I have seen the Emperor in various uniforms: that in which he looked best was a feather-edged, deep-laced cocked-hat, of a somewhat Spanish form; gold epaulettes; with the dark blue coat of a French General; gold sash; and very full red trousers, with black stripes: not the scarlet worn by some ranks of Officers; but of the dark red cloth, *garance*, of the French Infantry.

The Uniforms, military, or civil, with the profusion of gold lace on the breast, and elsewhere, seemed too much for him. He looked worst when he wore a costume resembling his uncle; the ball-dress of some Cavalry Regiment.

Napoleon I.'s usual dress was that of the Imperial Guard; with white breeches; silk stockings; and buckled shoes.

I once saw Napoleon III. in this dress at a State Ball at the Tuileries. It did not suit him: he was too long in the body and too short in the legs; the latter were not good.

On horseback he looked well. He had a very good seat; dignified without being stiff: his horses exceptionally tall; and well bred; but not weedy: the horse and the man made a good *ensemble:* the effect was decidedly picturesque; without apparently being studied.

On one memorable occasion, which I may mention later in this volume, I danced vis-à-vis to the Emperor: it was at a Ball given by the British Ambassadress, Lady Cowley, on the evening when the news arrived of the signature of the Treaty of Peace between Britain, France, and Russia. In compliment to the occasion he was dressed quite *à l'Anglaise:* blue evening coat, with gilt buttons, and velvet collar: a white waistcoat; black breeches; black silk stockings; and buckled shoes: his only

decoration that of the Garter; the blue ribbon crossing his waistcoat; the Star on the left breast; and the Garter below the left knee.

AMONG the various politic acts of the future Emperor, when President, was the care and minute attention which he bestowed on the Regiments of the French Army. He did all that was possible to enable the French *piétons*, mostly recruited from country districts, to enjoy the delights, real or imaginary, of the brilliant capital of those days.

Whereas the Assembly showed indifference in these matters, the President was always careful to enable the French soldier to enjoy life so much as possible.

After every great review held by himself, he treated the soldiers to something palatable in food and liquor: and was soon looked upon by each private soldier as a personal friend.

The cheering by troops and companies,

as they marched past on the many occasions on which I saw them, was conventional: the sounds being emitted with the same formal regularity as their muskets were shouldered, and their swords drawn: but there is no doubt that the Emperor's prudent conduct in this respect won for him an enormous amount of cordiality from the hitherto neglected recruit.

I remember upon one occasion a stout young woman, the Vivandière of a Regiment of Chasseurs, making decided demonstrations towards the King of Italy, who accompanied the Emperor.

TO HIS SIX YEARS' imprisonment at Ham I attribute, in a great measure, Napoleon III.'s achieving the Sovereignty of France. At a time when his intellect was mature, and when his experience of mankind was considerable, he was compelled to reflect, and to consider deeply the means of reaching the object of his ambition.

Thoroughly versed in the history of the successes and failures of his uncle, he had the shrewdness to meditate on them; and the good sense to determine to avoid Napoleon I.'s errors. The failure of Napoleon I., particularly as regards our country, were the failures of a man who took a conventional view of human nature. He failed in a great measure because he forced into unappeasable enmity a race who are not conventional.

In his views of mankind in general he had much correctness. He knew nothing of the British race: and they destroyed him. Napoleon III. had advantages, in this respect, of which his uncle knew nothing: he had lived among us: he had associated with men and women of various classes: and he had in himself a just appreciation of the British character. This, aided by experience, prevented him quarrelling with a people with whom he had a natural sympathy.

Soon after he came to the throne he said,

"I must have twenty-five years' peace with England, to consolidate my Dynasty."

The animosity, arising partly from policy, but more from the personal vanity of the First Napoleon, induced him to oppose Britain: and his ill-judged efforts to attack us in our commercial relations ended in his consummate defeat. Napoleon III. made no such mistake.

ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES in which the future Emperor was entertained on his arrival in England, after his escape from Ham, was Craven Cottage, Fulham: for many years the property of my step-father: and here were given by my mother the most brilliant afternoon entertainments that London has known for several generations.

At the time of the Prince's escape it was the property of the first Lord Lytton: in it he wrote the two novels, 'Ernest Maltravers,' and the sequel, 'Alice, or the Mysteries': in the former he describes it.

The breaking down of the wall which protected the place from the Thames destroyed the property a few years after it had been sold by my step-father: and now

'Etiam periêre ruinæ.'

The Emperor describes it in a letter to a friend as 'the most delightful villa.'

The future Empress was present, as Mademoiselle Montijo, at some of my mother, Lady Howard's parties at Craven Cottage.

THE HOUSE which the Emperor occupied, I^c^ King Street, Saint James's Square, was neither the *mesquin* abode described by his enemies, nor was there anything Princely about it. It was sensibly chosen; as being within what was described by Theodore Hook as the only real World; bounded on the West by Saint James's Street; on the East by the Haymarket; on the North by Piccadilly; on the South by Pall Mall. It

was adjacent to the Club, of which he was elected an Honorary Member, 'The Army and Navy.'

I may here observe that the name by which the Club is irreverently spoken of, 'The Rag and Famish,' was far older than Thackeray's time. He speaks of 'Ensign Rag,' and 'Cornet Famish;' but the name was much earlier.

THERE WAS ONE CLUB to which the Emperor did not belong: election to which he would have valued, so far as such things can be valued, at an enormous sum. Never has so great, so just, so discriminating a tribunal existed as was the White's Club of that period.

'White's' was then a tribunal whose approval was worth all the honours, and decorations, of European Society: and afforded to those who analyze human nature in its social relations a most interesting study.

It is sad to think that such an august Court has perished.

At the worst period of the first French Revolution, even in the Reign of Terror, there were forty men in French Society whose bad opinion no one dared to incur. This was the position which 'White's' held. I have quoted in another work the opinion which the Duke of Wellington had of 'White's bow window': and no one who has had experience but will confirm that wise man's view.

Disraeli in 'Venetia' makes his idealized d'Orsay, the intimate friend of Napoleon III. in his days of exile, a member of 'White's.' This he never was. He used to come across from 'Crockford's'; and talk with his friends in the entrance-hall of the Club: but he was never elected a member.

The Garter and to be a member of 'White's' Disraeli places as the highest of human distinctions.

ONE *GRANDE DAME* who noticed Louis

Napoleon, and who, with her husband, recognized his pretensions, was Frances Ann, Marchioness of Londonderry. Sarah, Lady Jersey, on the contrary, who was at that time the supreme head of London society, absolutely refused to give him any position. With her vigorous appreciation of the monarchical system, with its traditions of many hundred years, the Buonaparte family would not be acknowledged.

That the Emperor was not a man to forget his friends nor his enemies is shown by the fact that when Lady Londonderry visited Paris during his Presidency, he walked alone to call upon her at her hotel; whereas, when seated on the throne as Emperor, he declined to receive Lady Jersey until the Duke of Cambridge, who was in Paris at the time, requested him to do so.

THE SPEECH which the 'President for Ten years' made at Bordeaux was almost an absolute avowal of his intention to become Emperor of France.

These words were most significant: "I may say with a candour, so far removed from pride as from false modesty, that never did a people more directly, more spontaneously, more unanimously, testify a determination to free itself from uneasiness respecting the future by placing in the same hands as heretofore a power which sympathizes with its feelings." He added: "In 1852. Society approached its Dissolution because each party consoled itself with the belief that amid the general wreck it might still plant its standard on the floating fragments." He speaks of the pretended reformers of that day as mere visionaries: that the nation surrounded him with its sympathies because "he did not belong to the family of ideologists." "For these reasons, it seems, France desires a return to the Empire. To one objection I will reply: certain minds entertain a dread of War: certain persons say the Empire is only War. I say the Empire is Peace: for France desires it. When

France is satisfied, the world is tranquil. Woe be to him who gives the first signal of a Coalition: the consequences of which would be incalculable."

He spoke of "assimilating the vast country opposite Marseilles to France."

In the midst of this glorification, Louis Napoleon did not forget to perform an act of genuine kindness and chivalry. On his road to Paris the President stopped at the Château d'Amboise, where the Arab Chief Ab del Kader had long been imprisoned. He said to the prisoner, "Your captivity has caused me real affliction: for it incessantly reminded me that the Government which preceded me had not observed the engagement entered into towards an unfortunate enemy." Thus at the same time performing a generous act; and striking a blow at the Orleans dynasty.

IN THE YEAR 1856. being at Spa in Belgium, and not finding the place amusing, I agreed with Huddleston, Q.C, afterwards

Baron Huddleston, who delighted in the title, 'The last of the Barons,' being the last Baron of the Exchequer created, and MacCalmont of the North of Ireland and Grosvenor Place, who died some years later leaving four millions sterling, of which one at least I think he ought to have bequeathed to each of his fellow-travellers, I agreed to make a short tour in the Pyrenees: this we accomplished for a month with great satisfaction: making an arrangement which I recommend to other travellers. We took it in turns to have, day by day, the command: whoever was in command for the day had the choosing of the route, the distance, the hotel, his room, the amusements if any.

The Emperor and Empress were residing at the Villa Eugenie at Biarritz.

We had purchased at Bayonne three caps of cloth, something like the Lowland bonnet; one red, one white, one blue; in which we walked about the watering place: earning, no doubt, from the French resi-

dents, the familiar title of '*les Anglais excentriques.*'

We occasionally saw the Emperor driving in a brake; accompanied by ladies; and apparently very cheerful. We left our names in his book: a few days later I was invited to an evening party at the Villa Eugenie: and subsequently to another.

Soon after our arrival at Biarritz three bull-fights took place at Bayonne. They were specially arranged for the gratification of the Emperor and Empress; and were, according to MacCalmont, who had seen many in Mexico, where he said they excelled those of Spain, perfect of their sort. Bull-fights have been described frequently and with graphic power.

By far the best account is in the Introduction to Ford's 'Handbook to Spain.' The entire work is worth purchasing; if only for the Introduction, in which the description occurs.

A very large arena was erected in an

open space in Bayonne. Many thousand persons attended.

The first bull-fight interested us very much. No horses were present.

I remember a few years later, speaking with Disraeli on the subject of bull-fights, saying to him, "There is one great moment." He said at once, "Yes! when the bull comes in."

The demeanour of the bulls, of which there were a very large number killed, I should say nearly thirty in the two bull-fights which I saw, was, with a very few exceptions, identical. Some showed more fight than others; and were apparently more ferocious: but the same behaviour appeared in all. At first Astonishment, next Anger, but not Fury; for they retained their senses to the last; then Fear, and a desperate wish to escape. The popular idea, that when a bull charges he loses consciousness of where he is going, is quite a mistake: he lowers his head; but he observes carefully the direction in which

he can place his horns. The bull-fighters when hard pressed climb over the palisading into the passage between the spectator and the arena: in so doing their legs are exposed; and I observed several times that the bull moved his head to the right or left, in his endeavours to drive one horn through the leg of his escaping foe.

In every case of a hat or other garment being dropped by the pursued, the bull invariably stopped for a few seconds to examine it.

On one occasion only a man was knocked down: and the bull did his best to rip him open: fortunately for him the bull's horns were so long that he could not get them down low enough to reach the man's body: he tore off his outer clothes, amid the most frenzied shouts of the audience. "Well done, Bull!" was repeated by thousands of voices: in fact the all but successful attack of the bull was greeted with more enthusiasm than repeatedly brave acts of the fighting men. Though the bull's fate

was sealed, and his death inevitable, one felt that there was something of fairness between the enormous strength of the animal and the skill of the men, who jeopardized their lives for a considerable sum of money.

The skill of the final act was extraordinary: with a short sword, not much longer than an ordinary umbrella, the principal actor in the scene waves a small red flag: the bull charges, and doubles: on his return, the man slipping aside passes the sword into the bull's back under the near shoulder-blade. Usually the sword was left in the animal: but on one occasion he drew it out as quietly as from a scabbard; saluted the Emperor and Empress, immediately in front of whose box this occurred; wiped his sword: and returned it to the scabbard with the most perfect *sang froid*. The bull on this occasion staggered a few yards; apparently not much injured: then fell absolutely dead; without the slightest movement.

A week later another Bull Fight took place: on this occasion there was a still larger audience: the Emperor and Empress appeared, the former in the full uniform of a General, the latter in a most becoming mantilla, and black dress: they both looked slightly pale on taking their seats: whether they doubted their reception or, what was very possible, threats had been sent to them as regards possible attack, I do not know.

On the second occasion there were a large number of mounted men in the arena; not, as shown in pictures, mounted upon fiery steeds, glowing with courage, and eager for the fight; but borne by the most miserable creatures ever seen in the shape of horses. I wondered where such wretched beings could be collected: the poorest quadruped in the shafts of a London night cab would be an Ormonde compared to them: Their very sight ought to, and would, provoke intense pity in the breast of any but the most cruel and hardened. The first bull

charged six of these in succession and ripped every one open. The men on their backs ran no risk whatever: instead of charging the bull, as pictured, they kept the unfortunate horse standing quite still: and almost more horrible than the impact of the bull's horns was the terror shown by the poor beasts by their violent perspiration: the right eye, towards the bull, was covered with a bandage: and the poor creatures had nothing for it but to await their fate. I will not describe the horrors that took place. I remember one horse whom the bull caught between the forelegs spouting a positive fountain of blood, till he dropped dead. One bull killed twelve horses.

I observed from the moment that the first horse was killed the Emperor never raised his eyes for a moment from the bill of the performance, which was lying in front of him: indeed the man who had finally to despatch the bulls was obliged to come quite underneath the Imperial box to

ask permission; and even then the Emperor appeared at first not to see him.

We had tickets for a third performance; but none of us wished to go.

Horrible scenes are not wanting in the element of humour. Huddleston and MacCalmont had both English servants; the former a professional courier, the latter a thoroughly English footman. We had discussed the matter as to whether we should give our respective attendants a ticket for the bull-fights. I think Huddleston said 'Certainly not.' I am quite sure that I said that paying the wages that I did, my courier might go or not as he liked: MacCalmont said on the contrary that it was the only opportunity that his servant would have of seeing a bull-fight: he had no doubt the man would very much like to go etc. etc. etc. and that he should present him with a ticket. The carnage which I have described had not long begun, when on the opposite side of the arena, a long distance from us, a commotion was visible:

I borrowed MacCalmont's opera-glasses; and I confess it was not without a sensation of pleasure that I rapidly observed what had taken place. Turning to MacCalmont I described how some poor man, endowed with more kindness of heart, more gentle feelings, and a deeper love of animals, than the rest of the audience, had been so overcome that it appeared that his life had departed: that a body was being handed over the heads of the persons assembled in the cheaper places; and that it had all the appearance of a corpse.

MacCalmont expressed the deepest distress that such a contretemps should have occurred. Huddleston, although a Q.C., uttered some words of real or pretended sympathy.

The reader may picture my delight, after in the morning receiving a lecture on humanity from MacCalmont, to be able to add that the corpse seemed to be that of an Englishman, probably sent to this horrible scene against his will, by some

cruel master: I saw MacCalmont's face change; and it was with honest pleasure and perfect truth, that I added "I see now: it is your servant!"

The man recovered.

WHILST STAYING AT BIARRITZ, I was invited to two balls given by the Emperor and Empress, at the Villa Eugenie, situated close to the sea. To the first ball I arrived somewhat late. The Duke of Bassano informed me that the Emperor had been anxious I should be presented to him.

The Emperor danced several dances: and seemed in perfect health. Standing immediately in front of me, in a pause of a waltz, I heard him say, it may have been intended for my ear, "I have not felt so well for a long time:" there had been remarks anent his health.

He retired with the Empress into a window-recess of the ball-room; and read to her a letter of some length; apparently

consulting her as to its contents: at the end he folded up the letter; and I observed that, as they left the ball-room, the Empress was in tears.

On the week after, at the second ball, I was determined to be in time: when I reached the Villa Eugenie I was shown into the drawing-room: a vast number of books were lying on the table; many of them of a sacerdotal or episcopal character: they appeared to be presentation copies to the Empress; and many were signed to that effect by the Bishops and Archbishops of France.

A number of 'Punch' was on the table; lying open at a cartoon called "The Climax of the War." It depicted Palmerston, wearing the mask of Britannia, assisting Napoleon to crown the Emperor of Russia.

Previously to leaving the Hotel where we lodged, my two friends said to me, "The first question you will be asked will be, 'Did you like the bull-fights?'" the second of which had taken place on that day. I

replied "I shall say 'No.'" My host and hostess however were far too well bred to ask any such question. On their entering the drawing-room from the dining-room they received me most cordially. On a marble slab was the broad tricolor cockade and ribbon which had decorated the finest of the bulls. Glancing at this, the Empress said "You were interested in the bull-fight?" To this I could conscientiously reply "Yes." The Emperor said "Have you seen them in Spain?" "Never." "You have been in Spain?" "So far as Saint Sebastian, Sire." "Ah! what an interesting road that is: not a mile but what has been the scene of an historical event."

The Ball was finished by a dance called 'Le Boulanger,' a sort of cotillon: in one figure of which the ladies in succession throw up their handkerchiefs to be caught by the most adroit of the gentlemen present. I assumed that when the Empress threw up her handkerchief it was previously

determined who should catch it: a scramble under these circumstances would have been unseemly.

The dance lasted a very long time: and the men who played, the band belonging to a line Regiment quartered at Biarritz, must have found their powers woefully taxed. I heard someone say "They must be very tired." The Empress replied "They must be dead:" soon after the Ball finished.

WHILE AT BIARRITZ we agreed to cross the frontier into Spain: and had a very pleasant excursion: there is hardly a corner of Europe where in so small a space such great events have occurred.

I have always been sorry that on the day on which we entered Saint Sebastian I was not 'in command.' I tried to persuade my friends that by going to the theatre at once, we arrived at about nine o'clock in the evening, we should get a better idea of the Spaniards, their appearance, manners, and customs,

than in any other method: I did not prevail. Both Huddleston and MacCalmont however were candid enough subsequently to express their regret that they had not yielded to my efforts. They preferred a walk round the ramparts: I pointed out the precise spot by which the British forces entered. The British army had been endeavouring to break in on the Western side; without effect: The Duke of Wellington rode over one morning to observe proceedings; and at once pointed out that the weak side of Saint Sebastian was towards the East. When told that a branch of the sea offered an obstacle he showed that at low water the troops could ford a passage.

His plan was adopted and Saint Sebastian fell.

I am afraid that at few successful sieges was more barbarity shown. Those of the British army who had fought their way from the coast of Portugal to the borders of France were first-rate in every way: but

necessity compelled the addition of many men who were the rakings of the gaols: and whose first object in entering a town was plunder; the next useless murder. Among them was a man who subsequently became notorious as the murderer of Mr Weare, near Edgware: his name was Thurtell. At his trial he whimpered, and whined his regret that fate had not enabled him to die for his country: the facts being, as he admitted to his personal friends, that the day after the taking of Saint Sebastian, he had observed a French Officer, whom he guessed to have money about him; he confessed that in cold blood he had run the wounded man through the body for the sole purpose of plundering him.

Nothing can be more picturesque, nor pathetic, than the burial-place of the British Officers and men who fell in this desperate engagement: it is on a plateau about half way up the mountain.

Previous to our climbing the heights a little incident occurred. Far above us on one of

the upper slopes we observed three ladies: their faces were not visible. Huddleston Q.C. said "Now, what country do those people belong to?" MacCalmont said "I think they are Germans." Huddleston, after consideration, "No, I think they are English." He turned to me, and added, "Where do you think they come from?" I replied at once "Ireland." MacCalmont irreverently said, "Do you mean to say that at that distance you can see a difference between an Englishwoman and an Irishwoman?" I replied "I can." Half an hour elapsed before we reached the topmost battery. There were the three ladies, contemplating the prospect of the blue Mediterranean. When they turned round, I at once recognized valued friends: a mother, and her two daughters: the former was not only the wife of an Irish Marquess, but was the sister of an Irish Marquess. When we got out of the hearing of the Ladies I indulged in an intellectual crow at the expense of my friends: As to

how I knew the difference I decline to explain.

As regards the town of Irun which lies between the border of Spain and Saint Sebastian, I may say that I think that the choosing of such a title by Sir de Lacy Evans, who commanded the British detachment which took part in the Civil War in Spain, was characteristic of his countrymen.

I well remember, as a boy, his candidature for the City of Westminster; and a man carrying on high a board on which was depicted an Officer in British uniform with cocked hat etc. escaping to the rear: underneath, as might have been expected, was printed in large letters COUNT I RUN.

AN INCIDENT occurred during my stay at Biarritz illustrating the unceasing watchfulness necessary in relation to the person of the Emperor.

Calling on M^r^ Graham, who, though brother to Sir James Graham, Secretary of

State for the Home Department, held the comparatively humble office of Consul at Bayonne, I found him closeted with three individuals; two of them of most sinister aspect. Between these two was a tall portly man, dressed in a long white waterproof coat. Mr Graham asked me what I thought of the situation; which was this. The individual in the centre had just been brought to him by the others, who were of the police in plain clothes. The stout man had stepped, an hour earlier from the train from Paris: on being asked for his pass-port he had none. Being asked who he was, he replied that he had come from Le Havre through Paris to witness the bull-fights which were then taking place. This story appeared so improbable to the police that he had been brought before the British Consul: the man having stated that he was a British subject: and that he had come from British Guiana.

I suggested to Mr Graham that the accused and the accusers might know that

we were discussing them. I watched their faces: Mr Graham's reply, that they did not understand a word, was confirmed. The prisoner produced letters addressed to him; and so far there appeared to be nothing suspicious: but his story was certainly a lame one. That a man should come all the way from South America, land at Le Havre, pass through Paris without stopping, and come to Bayonne simply to witness the bull-fights, would hardly 'wash;' to use a vernacular expression.

I suggested that the man was too fat to be a conspirator: the idea of the police being that he might have designs on the person of the Emperor then at Biarritz. Mr Graham, to my surprise, told me that had the man come earlier in the day to his office, and demanded a pass-port, simply stating that he was a British subject, he could not by law have refused him: under the circumstances, he said that he must decline liberating him: in this case the police declared that they would return him to Paris.

When they had left the room, I told Mr Graham that I thought the man had made a clumsy mistake: that he lived probably in the Pyrenees: that he had invented the stupid story of coming to see the bull-fights when frightened by the sudden approach of the '*sbirri*.' Mr Graham was, or appeared to be, softened by this remark; and ran, or affected to run, after the men: he returned however without catching them; and the captive was despatched back to Paris.

After giving time for him to escape, and Mr Graham assuring me that he would take no further steps in the matter, I said what I believe to have been the case, that I thought he was very possibly a political exile banished to French Guiana: that he had succeeded in crossing the frontiers of Dutch Guiana into British Guiana, and hoped to regain home without molestation. Suddenly confronted by the police he had not known what to say: and that this was the cause of his prevarication.

A few years afterwards I related the

story to the Secretary of Lord Gormanston, Governor of British Guiana: he told me it was most probable; for that these escapes on the part of French political convicts were not uncommon.

WHEN THE BANNER of Louis Philippe was placed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor it caused great emotion among the Eton boys. Tories as they have always been, they could hardly believe that the Arms of 'Egalité' could be placed among those of that very select Order. Who at that time could have predicted that in a few years the arms of a Buonaparte would be suspended in that most fastidious of Chapels.

At the ceremony of Investiture at Windsor some nervousness was displayed. I have heard that the Blue Ribbon was placed on the wrong, that is the right, shoulder. On the Emperor leaving the room in which he had been invested he said "*Enfin je suis gentilhomme.*"

I well recall, on the same afternoon, seeing him at the Review of the Life Guards in the Park at Windsor. He never looked better than when cantering down the Long Walk, from the Castle-gates to Queen Anne's Ride, between the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge. The Emperor rode an exceptionally handsome English horse, bought of Sir John Gerard: wearing his uniform as a French General; with the Blue Riband and the Star of the Garter. I was particularly struck with the soldier-like dignity with which he received the salute of the Officers of the Horse and Foot Brigade: and saluted the respective Standards and Colours: his horse standing with mathematical exactness at right angles to the marching-past line: the Emperor sitting with natural ease and dignity.

OF MARSHAL MACMAHON, filling a high position under Napoleon III. and subsequently President of the French Republic, I did not form a high opinion intel-

lectually. So far as outward appearance went there was no trace of superior intelligence in him. He was, I should say, a safe and honest man, whom the Emperor knew would obey orders: and without sufficient vivacity to run the risk of getting into scrapes.

No one who was present will ever forget the Ball given by him at Versailles during his Presidency. It was well called 'a social Reichshofen.'

Fifteen thousand persons were invited to a space which fifteen hundred would have amply filled. On arriving, the small room set apart for cloaks, but little larger than the similar receptacle in a London theatre, was a scene of great struggle and confusion. The large rooms upstairs were more than filled by an incongruous rabble of persons decently dressed. Any approach to the dancing-room, without actual fighting, was impossible.

The President stood in an angle of the first room, with his hands clasped in front

of him: the motley crowd passed him entirely unnoticed: he appeared unconscious of their presence.

At occasional intervals the monotony of the heated mob was relieved by a rush of youths wearing their hats and shouting "*Place au Prince de Galles!*" the Prince of Wales not being, of course, even in France. No sooner was the refreshment-room opened than a rush took place of the most formidable character.

Soon after this, soldiers appeared on the scene: and blocked the principal staircase. The scene became intolerable. I was fortunate enough to meet an American gentleman, whom I had previously known, and who indicated to me a method of escape down the private stairs.

On seeking my cloak, I found a still more disgusting scene than on arriving. Men were actually fighting: tearing each other's clothes in order to get at their outer garments. In the midst of this most unseemly struggle, a picket of soldiers, on duty at the

Palace, were summoned. The Officer of the day, who I observed was a Chasseur commanding a detachment of soldiers of the Line, shouted "*Faites sortir tout le monde!*" I felt this was rather too much. On his approaching myself I produced from my pocket the invitation which I had received from Marshal MacMahon, and I said in very plain language to the officer, "If you, or any of your men, touch me, I shall go to-morrow, not to the British Ambassador, but to the President himself, and I shall make a complaint against you personally for your conduct." This was followed by a chorus on the part of the Frenchmen of "*Vous avez très bien fait, Monsieur!*"

Deep snow was on the ground, and on emerging from the Palace, I saw at least twenty ladies sitting on the steps in evening dress. I had prudently told the driver of my carriage to be close to the Hotel des Reservoirs: and there I found him. The intense heat of the rooms, more pro-

bably than the cold outside, gave me ten days of bed.

On recovery I went to the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon, where I was informed that the numerous coats, cloaks, etc., left at Versailles could be obtained.

I should say above two hundred coats, thirty of which bore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, were there, unclaimed; and more remarkable still, considerable sums of money, which had been carefully labelled, found in the pockets of the various garments, remained in the hands of the custodian.

My cloak I never found, but a pair of tawny boots which I had placed in the pocket, contemplating the possibility of a walk in the snow, I found; and have still. My female readers will understand the reason of their preservation; they were so small that no Frenchman could wear them.

CERTAINLY with a view to effect, irrespective of affection, which I have no doubt

was genuine, the Emperor could not have chosen better, in selecting Mad^lle^. Montijo. If ever a woman looked an Empress she certainly did.

'Incessu patuit Dea:'

of stately stature, full of dignity, with a kind and gentle smile, the Empress certainly reached the ideal: and appears to have been far above the pettiness of her fascinating predecessor, Josephine.

As regards the Empress, it is well known that no object of reasonable charity was neglected by her. Medical and charitable institutions inaugurated or patronized by her were numberless. Not only were sums of money liberally supplied to these, but what exacts more from the minds and hearts of those who so act, a careful discrimination was displayed. No one was neglected, and the heartlessness of the First Empire was not repeated in the case of the Second.

The fact of his being unfortunate in a single campaign was enough to turn the

whole tide of ingratitude against, not only the Emperor, but his wife, who would have scarcely escaped with her life, had she fallen into the hands of the mob of Paris.

WITH THE EMPEROR'S great 'Undertaker,' who worked the vast alterations in Parisian streets, Baron Haussmann, I only became acquainted after the fall of the Empire. I found an elderly gentleman with closely-cut, chocolate-coloured hair. It was difficult to believe that he was the same individual whom I had seen, when he visited London during the Empire, with white locks flowing over his shoulders. So surprised was I, that I asked him if I had the honour of addressing the ex-Prefect. He said "I had the honour of filling that position." I said "I had an interview with your august master a short time ago: I thought him looking very well." He replied "Ah! I was not of his advisers."

ANOTHER of the Emperor's intimates I knew for many years: Colonel Fleury: who particularly disliked being spoken to or of as 'de Fleury:' having no connection with that great French name. He was Colonel of the Emperor's Regiment of 'Guides'; Green Light Dragoons. He dined with me occasionally at the Mess of the First Life Guards: and I remember his describing the 'Queen's Guard' as the 'Poetry of Soldiering.'

Practically, he adopted our bits for his own Regiment. His visits to England were usually to purchase horses for the Emperor: of these he was a very good judge. In appearance he was a fine type of French Cavalry Officer: a powerful man; with fair complexion; a good deal of colour; and great physical strength. His reputation was that of a swash-buckler. I observed a trait in him which to my mind contradicted this: I was at a Review in the Champ de Mars, given to the King of Greece by the Emperor. I was standing speaking to Colonel

Fleury, who was mounted on a very large English horse. After about half an hour the intelligent animal, probably bored by the performance, and weary of standing, placed his off fore hoof on my left foot. We read in Shakspere of 'horsing foot on foot' as a method of occult endearment; and I have heard that the practice is not unknown even in the nineteenth century. However pleasing this may be in the active and passive, I can assure my readers that when performed by a horse it approaches the acme of human torture. I said nothing: but assume that I had not quite enough of the Spartan boy not to show in my countenance that something had happened. Colonel Fleury at once asked me what it was: I pointed to my foot on the instep of which the mark was left. Fortunately my boot was shiny; and my volition quick; or I should have been crippled for life. He said "You must be in dreadful agony." I of course replied "*Ce n'est rien; cela passera.*" It gave me a favourable impres-

sion of him that five minutes later I could see most unmistakable signs of regret in his face. He was an honest, and straightforward friend of the Emperor.

THE DUKE DE MORNY, his principal adviser, I should describe as being not altogether unlike the Emperor in person, nor in character. Of about the same height: of more delicate features; and a better shaped head; the expression of his face was less solemn, but more cynical, than the Emperor's. A good-humoured, and I should say good-natured face; two qualities that are frequently dissociated; a neater figure; more demonstrative manner; who, like the Emperor, played a part: but did it with less effort. Courteous in manner; and quick in perception. At a reception given by him on the Quai d'Orsay the guests arriving were received by the Duke at some distance from the door of the principal room. Immediately following me was Sir William Clay: when the Duke de Morny

shook hands with me, I whispered "The tall gentleman following me is one of the Chiefs of the Radical Party in our Parliament." He seemed to appreciate my thoughtfulness in giving him this hint; and was particularly cordial in his *accueil* of the democratic Baronet.

The Duke de Morny before his marriage inhabited a small square building, an adjunct of a large house occupied by Madame Le Hon, a Belgian by birth; who in her early days must have possessed great beauty; the *beauté du diable:* large blue eyes; beautiful complexion; and fine figure. For some occult reason the Parisians called the Duke de Morny's house '*le petit coin d'amour.*'

At a Ball given by Madame Le Hon, partly in costume, partly masked, I was amused and somewhat pained to observe on entering, wearing my kilt, an unhappy youth dressed strictly in the style of that wretched character the bridegroom in 'Lucia di Lammermoor': he actually wore silk

tights. I may mention, in parenthesis, that it was a great relief to a Highlander *pur sang* when the authorities at the Opera at length discovered that the kilt is not the national dress of the inhabitants of East Lothian. At this Ball almost every distinguished person connected with the society of the Tuileries was present. Looking about among them I saw a masked person seated, speaking to the Princess Mathilde, whom I recognized at once as the Emperor. I had the day before been presented to him at the Tuileries. I observed the extreme shortness of his thumbs: his hands resting upon his knees. Soon after I met a lady long resident in Paris, M^rs^ Gould. On her arm was a tall lady in a domino. I said, "How do you do, M^rs^ Gould?" She was not masked; "I am glad to see you in such distinguished company." I observed a very slight movement on the part of the masked lady which confirmed my belief that this was the Empress. The Ball went off with great spirit: not

always the case where a portion of the Company is masked.

At one time the Duke de Morny was supposed to be about to marry Miss ——; one of several sisters living at the Hotel du Rhin, in the Place Vendôme, and there were rumours of remonstrance addressed on the occasion to the Emperor by a certain lady. The Duke de Morny did not marry the young lady in question; who was endowed with most beautiful ankles: not long after, he married someone else.

At a great Ball given in the Faubourg St. Germain everybody was invited to wear costume or fancy-dress; every guest complied with this request. In the midst of the Ball the Duke appeared wearing his ordinary evening dress, with Ribbon and Star: an act of very doubtful taste.

ON THE NIGHT on which the news arrived of the Declaration of Peace between Britain, France, and Russia, Lady Cowley, the British Ambassadress, gave a Ball at

the Embassy. A few days before, Lady Cowley said to me, "Morny is going to give a Ball: I will introduce you to him: he is sure to invite you." Accordingly I searched for him in every room of the Embassy: he was not to be found. I told Lady Cowley: she replied "He must be here: I certainly invited him." I accompanied her in a second search. He was not at the Ball. I believe that I am not uncharitable in suspecting that the Duke may have been pursuing another occupation, in relation to the Bourse. The news of the actual proclamation of Peace not being publicly known until the next morning.

The most interesting fact which I can recall in relation to the Duke de Morny I have on indisputable authority. On his deathbed he was visited by the Emperor. A friend who accompanied the latter was speaking to him near the window of the bedroom: they heard a feeble voice calling to the Emperor; who at once stood by the bedside of the dying man. The Duke de

Morny's last words were "*Sire! prenez garde à la Prusse!*"

NOTHING did Napoleon III. more credit, in the opinion of the best minds, than the utter absence of jealousy in relation to his uncle, and to the earlier dynasties of France. A mean man would have endeavoured to exalt himself, and his memory, at the expense of his predecessors. On the contrary Napoleon III. preserved everything carefully which related to the ancient Bourbon race; to Napoleon I.; and to Louis Philippe. He wisely accepted things as they were: and did not attempt any of the tricks of small minds; nor suppose that he would raise himself by obliterating the acts and memorials of those who had already reached the Sovereignty of France.

The Republic which followed him showed none of these qualities: wherever his initial letter, or crown, or mark, could be reached, those indications were invariably marred or destroyed.

I heard from Lady Cowley that the Emperor regretted nothing more deeply, as regards Paris, than the destruction of the time-honoured Palace of the Tuileries, the scene of such great historical events; picturesque from its style, and its antiquity.

I WAS A MEMBER of the House of Commons, and was present at all the Debates on the subject of the 'Conspiracy to Murder Bill.'

On February 8. 1858. Lord Palmerston moved to introduce the Bill. He said that an event had recently occurred, which he was sure the House would agree rendered a revision of a part of our Criminal Law necessary; that foreign nations, ignorant on the subject, had assumed that in this country indifference existed in relation to these atrocious crimes; that a feeling prevailed on the Continent in general that the Government and Parliament should take the steps which would give them power to remove aliens from the United Kingdom on

mere suspicion; that he proposed nothing of the sort to Parliament: that so long as aliens conducted themselves peaceably and within the law Parliament would not consent to their removal. He alluded to the addresses from the Colonels of French Regiments published in the 'Moniteur,' the official paper of the Imperial Government. Although some natural irritation might be felt about these addresses, and especially at their official publication, he could not see that this ought to cause us to neglect an obvious improvement in our law in relation to foreigners: that in England conspiracy to murder was a misdemeanour; in Ireland a felony: he could see no reason why the law as applied to Ireland should not be extended to the whole of the United Kingdom: he gave the words of the Bill which he described as "exceedingly short."

To abbreviate it still more, it was proposed to enact by this Bill that any person within the United Kingdom who should conspire to commit murder within or with-

out the dominions of Her Majesty shall be guilty of felony; and on conviction be liable to penal servitude for life; or for any time not less than five years; or to imprisonment with or without hard labour for any time not exceeding three years. That the solicitation of another person to commit murder should come within the law. The third clause was on the subject of the locality of the trial of such persons. The fourth interpreted the word 'Murder' as meaning the killing of any person in a foreign country, whether a subject of Her Majesty or not, as if the crime or attempt had been done in the United Kingdom. The fifth dealt with the repeal of the Irish Act on the subject.

Lord Palmerston wound up his brief speech with these words, "I cannot but persuade myself that increasing the penalty to that length of penal servitude which is mentioned in the Bill will have a wholesome effect, in teaching those who might wish to make this country a place in which to hatch or concoct disgraceful crimes that they can-

not do so without incurring a liability of a very serious character."

M^r^ Kinglake rose to move an Amendment. Those who have read his History of the Crimean War need not be told of the violent prejudice against Napoleon III. existing in the mind of this Member of Parliament. 'That this House, while sympathizing with the French nation in its indignant abhorrence of the late atrocious attempt against the life of the Emperor, and anxious upon a proper occasion to consider any defects which may be shown to exist in our criminal law, the amendment of which might tend to defeat a repetition of such attempts, deems it inexpedient to legislate in compliance with the demand made in Count Walewski's Dispatch of the 20^th^ of January, until further information is before it of the communications between the two Governments subsequent to the date of that Dispatch.'

He spoke of the British as "a moral and religious people:" and said that the at-

tempted assassination was a cowardly and dastardly evasion of those rules of fair "conflict" to which we were accustomed. That the assassins came from this country; (Cries of "No. No.") at least some of them: he confessed that he was so old-fashioned, so illogical if they chose, as to decline to concur in altering the Municipal Law of England at the instigation of any foreign potentate. If this measure were merely a piece of law-reform it should have been proposed by one of the Law-Officers of the Crown: he believed it to be a concession to the pressure put upon the noble Lord by the Despatch to which he had referred: he quoted two notices given by the Solicitor-General in relation to the Amendment of our Criminal Law, which had been put down for 'an early day.' He believed that no human ingenuity could give so good an answer to the communication of Count Walewski as would be involved in a simple vote of that House.

Mr Hadfield seconded the Amendment:

his speech was principally remarkable for the almost entire omission of the letter H.; an omission for which the Honourable Member was conspicuous.

Mr Bowyer, the representative of His Holiness the Pope in the House of Commons, spoke strongly in favour of Lord Palmerston's proposed alteration in the law. He quoted from Vattel that in case of a great crime the offender ought to be given up to the offended State: and be there brought to justice: that the Sovereign who should refuse to do this renders himself in some measure an accomplice in the injury; and becomes responsible for it.

Mr W. J. Fox, a man of exceptional intellect, Member for Oldham, opposed the Measure: he spoke of the Bill as liable to wound the feelings and interfere with the comfort of hundreds and thousands of refugees who had found an asylum here: he said that the plotters among them were few: those who submitted to be dragooned into one law might be cajoled or threatened

into another: that we ought to set an example to Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland: and that if we passed this Measure we should be the first to lead the dance in the "progression of infamy."

M^r^ Gilpin opposed the Bill. Having said very abusive things in relation to the Emperor, he declared, amid laughter, that he did not intend to revile him: he said that Lord Derby in 'another place,' that is the House of Lords, had uttered true English words, "Not for the security of the Sovereign of France, nor of all the Sovereigns in Europe, twenty times over, would I consent to violate in the slightest degree that sacred right of asylum to foreigners by which our history has always been characterized." He reminded the House that in 1802. Lord Hawkesbury had said "Our Government neither has, nor wants, any other protection than what the laws of the country afford: and though we are ready to give to every foreign Government all the protection against offences of

this nature which the principles of our laws and Constitution will admit, we can never consent to new model our laws, nor to change their Constitution, to gratify the wishes of any foreign power."

Sir John Walsh spoke: he recorded the sarcasms which were directed against the Emperor of the French: and compared favourably his conduct towards this country with that of Louis Philippe.

Lord Elcho, now Earl of Wemyss and March, said that the effect of the addresses of the Colonels, which were of no great importance in themselves, had acquired great importance by being inserted in the 'Moniteur.' No doubt these Officers were anxious for promotion: in fact he had observed in the French papers that the Colonel from whom one of the most violent of these addresses had emanated had been decorated with the Legion of Honour: he thought that the House should express its horror and detestation of the crime; and that a Commission should be ap-

pointed to examine the real state of the Law.

Mr Roebuck followed in a vigorous speech, reported in the first person: being in my opinion one of the most incisive speakers that the House of Commons has known. He said, "We are in the proud position of being the sole depositaries of Liberty in Europe: if we were stricken down to-morrow, Belgium, and Sardinia would not exist for a day." He gave the case thus, "Two men come together and conspire to kill A.B. If one of them only killed A.B. then the one who conspired and did not kill him might be indicted as an accessory before the fact: but if they have only conspired, the conspiracy is misdemeanour." He said that as yet no man had been tried: and spoke of there being "nothing before the world except the vague statements of the newspapers." He said that "the Police of the Empire having utterly failed to prevent this attack, the Emperor turned to us and said 'England

is a den of assassins; for she has sheltered these men: these wretches have come from English shores; and you must alter your police law.' The expression 'a den of assassins' has found its way into the 'Moniteur': and for this reason I attribute it to the Emperor of the French: it would not have found its way there but for the permission of Louis Napoleon. I fix upon him the responsibility of insulting my country."

He alluded to the First Napoleon, to his legacy to Cantillon, the would-be murderer of the Duke of Wellington. Mr Bowyer here interrupted, "No!" Mr Roebuck turned upon him: "I have heard the Honourable and Learned gentleman defend the King of Naples!" The speech is of considerable length and was delivered in Roebuck's best manner. A fine speech, but mischievous: the latter part approached malignity, as regards the Emperor; and he called upon the House of Commons "as free men, and the great protectors of the

oppressed in Europe, to throw out the Bill of the noble Premier with all the ignominy which it deserved."

The Debate was resumed by Mr Thomas Duncombe, once known as 'Finsbury Tom' a '*çi-devant jeune homme*'; once the chief admirer of Madame Vestris: a clever and adroit speaker in Parliament. He had been for many years an intimate personal friend of Napoleon III.: he absolutely denied the statement made by an earlier speaker that the Emperor on landing at Boulogne had shot a man with his own hand. I was standing near him at the time he spoke; not far from the Bar of the House: he said that Louis Napoleon had not discharged the pistol, which he had, at any time: but the accidental discharge of the pistol of a follower had wounded the cheek of a man who was crying '*Vive l'Empereur*': the wound was not serious: that the only persons killed at Boulogne were two of the Emperor's followers named Paul and Dunin.

He believed that the addresses of the

Colonels had been intentionally published in the 'Moniteur': and he regretted that the Emperor had inserted them.

'Tom Duncombe' was followed by Samuel Warren, author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and, a finer book, 'The Diary of a Late Physician.' Somewhat grotesque in manner and appearance, he was a good lawyer: he had a quaintness and originality of style that attracted the attention of a fastidious House of Commons.

'Our Sam,' as Punch used to call him, spoke of "the fervent and brilliant speech of the Member for Sheffield" (Roebuck) as one of the finest he had ever listened to. He said that every schoolboy knew that our ancestors, centuries ago, had nobly declared "NOLUMUS LEGES ANGLIÆ MUTARI." He spoke of "legislation under the pressure of menace." He quoted a strong case of Peter the Great. His Ambassador in 1708. had been taken from his carriage in London by Sheriff's Officers for a debt of £50. to a tradesman; and had been locked up all

night in a sponging-house: he was released in the morning, on making an indignant application to Queen Anne. The affair had led to the interference of the Legislature, thus characterized by Sir William Blackstone, who said that the Czar had resented this affront very highly and demanded the punishment of death to be inflicted on the Sheriff of Middlesex. The Queen to the amazement of that despotic Court directed her Secretary to inform the Czar that she could inflict no punishment upon any, even the meanest, of her subjects unless warranted by the law of the land: and therefore was persuaded that he would not insist upon impossibilities. To satisfy however the clamours of the Foreign Ministers, who made it a common cause, as well as to appease the wrath of Peter, a Bill was brought into Parliament, and afterwards passed into Law to prevent and punish such outrageous insolence for the future. A copy of this Act, elegantly engraved and illuminated, was accompanied by a letter

from the Queen: an Ambassador Extraordinary was commissioned to appear at Moscow, who declared "That though Her Majesty could not inflict such a punishment as was required because of the defect in that particular part of the Established Constitution of Her Kingdom, yet with the unanimous consent of Parliament she had caused a new Act to be passed to serve as a law for the future."

This humiliating step was accepted as full satisfaction by the Czar: and the offenders at his request were discharged from all further prosecution.

Fifty years afterwards, Lord Mansfield, speaking from the judicial seat, said mournfully that this Act was passed "as an apology, and as a humiliation from the whole nation."

The Ambassador made excuses in solemn oration in presenting the copy to the Czar.

M[r] Warren asked "Is this a precedent that the noble Viscount opposite, or the nation, is disposed to follow?"

Again he quoted the case in 1802. of Napoleon I's remonstrance on the subject of libels against himself published in London: and he added at considerable length the words of Lord Hawkesbury our Ambassador on the occasion. The narrative is too long for extraction: it embodied George III.'s refusal to change those laws with which his people are perfectly satisfied. Later in his speech he suggested, what would have been the answer given by Lord Palmerston to the King of Naples if he made a similar application: "the spirit of 'CIVIS ROMANUS' would have been roused: and the noble Viscount would have said in a towering passion, 'Begone! we will not be dictated to: we will not be coerced by anyone.' Why should we do otherwise, when we are appealed to by a gigantic suppliant thundering at the gates of the Constitution?" He wound up with these words. "Sir! when I read such painful and disgusting passages in the 'Moniteur' as these—but No, Sir, I will not irritate

myself nor the House by repeating them—we have seen and heard enough of them—they brought to my recollection the words which King Edward III. once addressed to his Parliament 'I have received a blow in the face: all Europe is looking on to see how I bear it.' Then he declared war against France."

I should say that this speech was the best that Warren ever delivered: it was good as a lawyer; and as a Member of Parliament. Reported in the first person in 'Hansard,' of which it fills thirteen and a half columns, it may still be read with advantage by anyone who takes an interest in the realities of the British Constitution.

Sir George Grey followed in a heavy speech. Mr Beresford Hope gave his views; as also did Ward Hunt.

Mr Bentinck, known as 'Big Ben,' Member for Norfolk, also took part.

The Poet Member of Parliament, Monckton Milnes, the father of the present Lord Crewe, gave his views.

Mr Napier, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, spoke; followed by Lord John Russell, who denied that legislation such as was proposed would materially interfere with the commission of these crimes, which were usually induced by religious fanaticism: quoting the cases of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France and Louis XV. He also quoted the case in later days of Mazzini; who it was said had given a dagger to a person for the purpose of assassinating the King of Sardinia: he said that neither the would-be assassin, nor Mazzini himself, would be deterred from crime by any legislation. He concluded his speech with these words "If I were to vote for the introduction of this Bill, I should feel shame and humiliation in giving that vote. Let those who will support the Bill of the Government: in that shame, and that humiliation, I am determined not to share."

I wish to defend the Tory party in this matter against the aspersions uttered, in

relation to their expulsion of Lord Palmerston on the Second Reading of the Bill, by those too careless, too malignant, or too ignorant, to observe what really took place.

I give the opening words of Disraeli's speech on the proposed introduction of the Bill precisely as they are recorded; and as I heard them:

"The principle projected in the Bill of the Noble Lord I apprehend to be this; it is to change the crime of combining or conspiring to murder from a misdemeanour into a felony. There has been a considerable amount of controversy upon that point to-night. So far indeed as the Debate has yet proceeded it may still be deemed a moot point. Mark this! Nor does it appear to me to be at all necessary, according to the usual course of our business, that that point should be decided at this stage of the proposition before us. The Second Reading of this Bill" (here Disraeli distinctly turned round; and by a well-known

gesture attracted the attention, and asked for the approval of his Party); "the Second reading of this Bill, *if it ever come to a Second Reading*, will be the legitimate occasion upon which the House will enter fully upon that important point. No doubt it is one eminently entitled to the grave and dispassionate consideration of this House: but at this moment there are some other observations which, with the permission of the House, and without offering any opinion upon the principle of the Bill, I would venture to make."

Later he said "Without giving any opinion respecting the principle of this Measure, which is at stake, and which I think had better be deferred to another opportunity": he spoke of Count Walewski's despatch as an "unfortunate despatch"; and of the observations of the French Colonels as "extremely impertinent": their insertion in the 'Moniteur' was "an act of singular indiscretion." On the other hand "the expression of regret on the part of

the Emperor of the French is frank, and full, and satisfactory."

Disraeli alluded in his best manner to what had occurred in 1853. when Lord John Russell was a conspicuous Member of the Government; "when British Statesmen of the greatest eminence denounced the Emperor of the French as a tyrant, a usurper and a perjurer." "When a Cabinet Minister, fresh from a Cabinet Council, proceeded to the hustings; and amused his constituents by depicting the danger of their country from the pending piratical invasion of the French people: we then had a Cabinet Minister asking the people of England what protection they could have for their wives and daughters with such neighbours as the French, and such a Ruler as the present French Emperor."

"The results of my doing what I thought was my duty in alluding to these circumstances in this House were that we had the gratifying exhibition of Statesman after Statesman, of Cabinet Minister after Cabinet

Minister, rising in his place and apologizing for the offensive expressions which he had used towards the Emperor of the French. That was a very salutary spectacle: it did a great deal of good: it conduced to the maintenance of the Peace of Europe: but it conduced to that end only because the Emperor of the French was a forgiving, and forbearing man. If the French Emperor, and the French nation, could endure those insults from English Cabinet Ministers, I really think that the people of England can now afford to pocket the impertinence of the French Colonels."

Later in his Speech Disraeli said "We must remember the difficulties which Napoleon III. has to encounter in carrying out that policy of personal friendship towards ourselves. We must recollect that although from his own experience, the character of his mind, and the numerous other influences which operate with a person of his lofty intellect, in his elevated station, he may have arrived at the conviction that the

maintenance of the alliance between the two countries is eminently conducive to the welfare of the land he governs, still he is himself the principal representative of that belief, and of that policy: that although, in prosperous times, and in moments of prolonged tranquillity, he may by virtue of his commanding ability, and great resources, be able successfully to manage the relations of the two countries, and to cherish and increase the nascent and gradually spreading sympathy with England, which is beginning to pervade France, still, in moments of public excitement, when the mind of that ingenious but irritable people is agitated, it is clear that the position of such a ruler of France must be one of immense delicacy. In a moment of difficulty, our faithful and generous ally comes to the Government of this country and says, 'I do not disguise the difficulties I have to contend with; assist me to encounter them: assist me, consistently with your laws, and consistently with your privileges and rights.

I have lived too long in your country not to be aware that no British Minister could dare for a moment even whisper a proposition by which those rights and those privileges should be violated, or diminished: but aid me at this moment; when hostile factions are raising their head, and taunting me with the vanity of that English alliance on which I have wished to build my policy: show to France that my confidence has not been misplaced.' "

"I think that under these circumstances it was the duty of Her Majesty's Government to respond to that faithful ally. I think that it was their duty not to turn a deaf ear to an appeal of such a character. I feel that there is nothing humiliating in attempting to support any Government in any effort it may make to maintain that alliance between England and France, which I believe to be the key and corner-stone of modern Civilization.

"As to the mode in which Her Majesty's Government has attempted to carry this

policy into effect, that is another question.

"I make a full and fair admission that a proposition thoroughly satisfactory never appears to me to have been offered to the consideration of this House of Parliament. When the French Nation, through their Ministers and Rulers, had placed before us a statement of their fancied grievances, an English Minister should in some immortal State-paper, breathing the fire and the logical eloquence of Chatham, have answered that Despatch. He should have placed upon this table a manifesto of her rights and privileges: and at the same time have combined with it a glowing expression of sympathy with a powerful and faithful ally. That is what I expected: and the Minister who missed that opportunity missed a great occasion. Such a Despatch would have been the keynote to our Country: In the face of Europe we should have given to the French people, that people who are misled by calumniators,

a bright and living proof of the respect and sympathy of the Parliament of England.

"Such a course has not been proposed: and all that we are asked to do is to abrogate the old penal law of Ireland on the one hand, and to retrograde the law of England on the other. I cannot suppose that any such project can give the slightest satisfaction to the Emperor of France. When a man has been elected by millions in a great country he is above petty criticism. So far as I am concerned, I consider it the most unfortunate part of the position in which we are placed that this opportunity has been so mismanaged by Her Majesty's Ministers as to have alarmed England, without pleasing France. Still, I cannot but think that we ought not to take the course which may lead to long and mischievous discussions because we disapprove of the clumsy and feeble manner in which the Government has attempted to deal with this difficulty: we must not seize

this opportunity because we wish to inflict a check upon the Government; nor do that which might be misconstrued into an insult to that Prince, who, I think, deserves well of this country; and therefore it is my intention to vote for the bringing in of the Bill. But I am not prepared, as at present advised, to take any further part in its defence. I reserve to myself, when the Measure shall be again brought before us, the power of considering the principle upon which it is founded: and I shall be ready to listen to any arguments which may induce me to believe, what I do not yet believe, that it will accomplish the purpose for which it is projected.

"Because I am desirous to show to the Ruler of France, and to the French people that at this moment, when a horrible enormity has been perpetrated in their metropolis, when the life of that Ruler has been endangered, when every attempt has been made to arouse the passions of the people of France, and to misrepresent the

feelings of the people of England, because I am desirous of showing to the people of France that there is in the Parliament of Great Britain that noble, genuine, and generous, sympathy with them, it is for this reason that I vote for leave to bring in this Bill."

Mr Sidney Herbert followed Disraeli: he also, in stating that he should support the First Reading of the Bill, carefully and conspicuously guarded himself against any promise or undertaking that he would vote for the Second Reading.

Lord Palmerston wound up the Debate: his speech containing little more than a repetition of his earlier arguments. He spoke of Napoleon III. as having been eloquently described by the Member for Buckinghamshire as a steady and faithful ally of this country.

Bathos interfered, as it usually does on solemn occasions; Mr Cox, the cause of the term 'Cox's Castles,' moved the adjournment of the Debate. Lord Palmerston

hoped that his Honourable Friend would defer his speech until the Second Reading.

The House divided on leave being given to introduce the Bill; in which case the First Reading would be taken as a matter of course: Mr Kinglake withdrew his Amendment: the House divided: on the question of the Bill being introduced the Numbers were:

Ayes . . .	299.
Noes . . .	99.

It was felt throughout the House that this was a courteous method of convincing Napoleon III. and the French people that we deeply sympathized with them on the hideous crime which had been attempted: a crime rendered more hideous by the full knowledge of its perpetrators that innocent lives would be sacrificed.

LADY COWLEY told me that the Emperor had felt deeply the fact of the mob outside the Old Bailey cheering when they heard of the acquittal of Dr. Bernard.

I expressed my surprise that the Emperor, who knew London well, should be affected by this: a very small sum of money would induce a mob to hoot or cheer anybody: I have no doubt that this was carefully organized by Napoleon III.'s enemies in England.

I quoted to Lady Cowley the familiar case of Charles I. when leaving Westminster Hall after his mock trial: Cromwell's soldiers puffed tobacco and spat in the King's face: "Poor souls," said he, "they would do the same to their Officers for sixpence."

I was present at the trial of Simon Bernard at the Old Bailey. He was a tall, dark, somewhat cadaverous man; with long black hair reaching to his shoulders; a large nose; and general dingy appearance. In a performance of 'Faust' in the theatre of a country fair he would have well represented Mephistopheles. Low cunning, with mediocre intellect, showed in his face.

He watched the evidence carefully. The Attorney-General made a good, practical, fair, and logical speech: but even he did not appear to me to press the case very hardly against the prisoner: he seemed more anxious to preserve as a lawyer his reputation among lawyers than to obtain a conviction.

Bernard was defended by the blustering bully of the bar, Edwin James: I attribute the verdict mainly to his domineering rhetoric. Great excitement had existed for some time out of doors, in consequence of the violent addresses to the Emperor by the French Colonels; who had described this country as 'a den of assassins;' and had requested their Sovereign to lead them to our destruction. These addresses, inserted in the 'Moniteur,' had prejudiced the unthinking public, of a section of whom the jury was composed, against Napoleon III. Of this, of course, Edwin James made ample use: he declared that this prosecution was not made by the Crown

with any view to secure Justice; that it was made at the dictation of the Emperor, whom the Government thought it necessary to conciliate: he said that the solicitor for the Treasury had been directed to ransack the archives of Parliament to find a law, under which a prosecution and a conviction could be obtained for the crime of wilful murder: he added that the Government of the day had wanted the courage to submit a fresh Bill on the subject to the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston's Government had been wrecked in endeavouring to pass a Bill for the purpose. Lord Derby who had succeeded to power did not know what to do: he knew that the House of Commons would not pass a Bill to produce the effect wished: and he had recourse to this prosecution to conciliate the Emperor; of whom he was afraid. He described the statute under which his client was being tried as 'a musty Act:' and that a special Commission of Judges had been appointed to endeavour to enforce an Act of Parliament

which had never been intended by its framers to apply to a similar case.

Edwin James continued that the real object, in endeavouring to obtain a conviction, was to abolish the right of refuge in this free country: and to prevent political refugees obtaining safety when landing on our shores. Liberal invectives were hurled by this Radical 'Buzfuz' against Monarchs in general: he used with effect the argument that Napoleon III. himself had arranged his conspiracy for storming the Sovereignty of France when resident in London. He contrasted the 'fifty-one wounds' inflicted by Orsini and his gang, which had been dwelt upon in the Attorney-General's speech, against the shooting down on the Boulevards of '*les passants*,' in December 1851.

As regards the detonating shells, by which the Emperor's destruction had been compassed, he declared that there was no proof that they had ever been in the possession of Bernard. Here I think was

his strong point: and the argument that because a letter had been found, addressed to "My dear Doctor," from one Allsopp, which was dwelt on by the Prosecution, was decidedly a weak one. Lawyers hold that letters addressed by A. to B. cannot compromise B. but that B.'s reply to these letters can decidedly do so.

His peroration, no doubt, affected a Petty Jury at the Old Bailey: "Tell the French Emperor that he cannot intimidate an English jury: tell him that the jury-box is the sanctuary of English Liberty: tell him that on that spot your predecessors have resisted the power of the Crown; backed by the influence of crown-serving, and time-serving Judges; tell him that, panoplied in armour, no threat of armament, nor of invasion, can intimidate you: tell him that though six hundred thousand French bayonets glittered before you; though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ears; you will return a verdict which your own hearts and consciences will

sanction, and approve: careless whether that verdict please, or displease, a foreign despot; or scares, or shocks, and destroys for ever the Throne, which a Tyrant has built upon the ruins of the Liberties of a once free and mighty people."

The Lord Chief Justice summed up on the whole favourably to the prisoner: he pointed out that technically the prisoner was charged with being accessory before the fact to the murder of Nicholas Battie: that, though the death of Nicholas Battie, one of the bystanders, might not have been in his contemplation, yet if it were a natural, and probable consequence of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor, the charge would be established against those who were accessory to that attempt. The prisoner was not liable on this charge for anything he might have done out of the United Kingdom: they must consider whether he had been proved to have done anything within the United Kingdom, which made him an accomplice in this

design. Did he authorize the employment of the grenade for the purpose of assassinating the Emperor?

He concluded, "Now, gentlemen, I must tell you at once, that if you should come to the conclusion that those grenades were to be used for military purposes, your verdict ought in my opinion to be one of 'Not Guilty:' because to prepare means for invading a foreign country is not the offence which is laid to the charge of the prisoner. If you believe that he, as there is strong evidence to show, knew how Allsopp had got these grenades, and assisted in having them transported to Brussels; if you believe that he bought in this country the materials for making the fulminating powder with which those grenades were charged; if you believe that he, living in this country, sent over revolvers with the view that they should be used in the plot against the Emperor of the French; and if you believe that he incited Rudio to assist the others assembled in

Paris, knowing what their design was, then it will be a fair inference, I think, to draw that he had a guilty knowledge of that plot: it is for you to draw your own conclusions. The right of asylum in this country amounts to this; that foreigners are at liberty to come to this country, and to leave it, at their own will and pleasure; that they cannot be disturbed by the Government of this country, so long as they obey our laws: they are under the same laws as native-born subjects: and if they violate those laws, they are liable to be prosecuted and punished in the same manner as native-born subjects of the Queen."

At the conclusion of the Chief Justice's address to the jury the prisoner exclaimed that the shells which were taken to Brussels were not those which were used in Paris. He said that he had not hired assassins: that his only wish was to crush Despotism and Tyranny everywhere. The jury in an hour and a half declared him 'Not Guilty.'

My own impression is that Simon Bernard was guilty up to the chin: that he had a full knowledge; and determination to assassinate Napoleon III. by the hands of others. At the same time, I consider that on the whole the verdict was a right and just one; looked at from a legal point of view: and I felt at the time great doubts whether the grenades found ostensibly in possession of the prisoner had not been put there by other hands.

ON THE 19TH OF FEBRUARY the Second Reading of the 'Conspiracy to Murder Bill' was moved by Lord Palmerston.

I may mention here that among the more illiterate voters of the Kingdom great anxiety was prevalent as to who 'Bill' was: and why his life had been conspired against.

Lord Palmerston took the rather weak ground of saying that one of the motives of those who introduced the Bill was to assimilate the law of the three portions of the

United Kingdom. He said that in the improved state of society in Ireland it was not desirable that this exceptional law should be continued. His speech was prudently short.

Mr Milner Gibson, who after losing his seat had again been returned to the House, and who obviously, to the knowledge of all, owed Lord Palmerston a grudge, followed. He commented with considerable sarcasm on the political character of the noble Viscount. He quoted from 'The Times' of some years before one or two disagreeable passages. As he spoke, he smiled continuously upon Lord Palmerston; a smile of derision, which later in the night changed to triumph. He said that in June 1850. 'The Times' spoke of the noble Lord in these words 'There is no constituted authority in Europe with which Lord Palmerston has not quarrelled: there is no insurrection that he has not betrayed: the ardent partisans of Sicilian, Italian, and Hungarian, independence have certainly no

especial cause for gratitude to a Minister, who gave them abundance of verbal encouragement, and then abandoned them to their fate. On the other hand, mark this; when Lord Palmerston has made up his mind to court the goodwill of a Foreign Power, no sacrifice of principle nor of interest is too great for him.' Mr Milner Gibson said that the passage concluded in these emphatic terms, 'From first to last his character has been the want of a firm and lofty adherence to the known interests of England: and it is precisely from such guiding laws of conduct that our Foreign Policy has degenerated into a tissue of paltry machinations, petty condonations, and everlasting disputes.'

After reading out these unpleasant quotations with marked and judicious emphasis, Mr Milner Gibson proceeded to question the discretion which had been exercised by her Majesty's Government. He repeated that if a proper reply had been sent to the dispatch of Count Walewski we might not

have been called upon to legislate upon this subject: that if the sympathy of this country had been expressed for the unfortunate circumstances which had taken place in Paris, the excitement would have passed away without the necessity of involving the House of Commons in a controversy with the French Emperor and the French nation.

Having moved his Amendment, M^r^ Bright seconded it without a Speech.

M^r^ Baines spoke: and M^r^ Walpole followed at considerable length. Sir George Grey addressed the House.

Sir Robert Peel expressed his astonishment that the head of a Liberal Government should propose such a Bill to the House. Sir Robert had always the ear of the House: differing utterly and entirely in appearance, manner, and style of elocution from his father, there was a freshness about him which from the first time I heard him in 1852. always seemed peculiarly attractive: with some deficiencies of temper and of tact, Sir Robert, whom I knew well, was

a man of unquestionable ability: he had, what few members of Parliament have, great dramatic power: his voice was very good: his manner, though slightly artificial, was artistic: and I believe that he was incapable of making a pointless speech. The House always listened to him with attention: and the attention was well deserved: he was never a frequent speaker.

A characteristic story is told of him and Lord John Russell. Sir Robert Peel having held Office under a Whig Government, Secretary for Ireland, it was decided subsequently, on the Whigs returning to power, that he was not to have a place: it was necessary for Lord John Russell to intimate this to him. Accordingly he requested Sir Robert's attendance at his house. The wish was complied with: and Lord John Russell with some circumlocution, intimated to Sir Robert that the Queen had been pleased to confer on him the honour of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Sir Robert being the youngest Member upon whom

the Order had ever been conferred. Probably from fear of immediate consequences, Lord John did not make it clear to Sir Robert's mind that he was not to be reappointed to Office. After Sir Robert had left him, the Prime Minister felt that he had lost his opportunity: and that it would add to the distress of the situation if Sir Robert Peel, in announcing to his wife, as of course all married men do at once, the honour which had been conferred on him, did not add that its value was considerably diminished by his claims for Office being totally neglected. Accordingly 'Little Johnny' despatched a confidential agent in a cab: he reached the doorstep of Sir Robert's house in time to put matters plainly before him: and thus prevent a painful scene, which might otherwise have occurred.

Sir Robert Peel said that this Bill would entail shame and degradation on the House, and on the Country: it was a sham and a pretext. He quoted the words of one of the Officers inserted in the 'Moniteur,'

'May these miserable murderers, the hired agents of black deeds, receive the punishment which is their desert: but let that infernal den (*repaire infame*), in which these assassinations are hatched, be destroyed for ever!' He would ask, Has any apology been offered for the very strong and unseemly expressions that recently fell from the Presidents of the two Legislative Chambers of France? both of whom appear to have been utterly forgetful of their position, and of that careful expression of feeling, and dignified demeanour, which are so conspicuous in the persons holding kindred Offices in this country. What has Monsieur de Morny to say? That England is a "lair of savage beasts" and "a laboratory of assassins." "I am ready to make every excuse for the courtiers of Louis Napoleon. I know perfectly well the conditions attaching to a position like that. Monsieur de Morny is only imitating the predecessor in the Office which he holds in the time of the First Napoleon, Champigny,

who said that his master Napoleon Buonaparte was 'an angel sent from heaven to bless mankind: and, like the great Invisible Being, he governed the world by his power and his influence.'" He said, "In 1850. Lord Palmerston was a Roman Citizen: that time, alas! had long gone by: the Bill bore, to use the words of Byron, the

'Meanness, and weakness, and the sense
of shame
'Gainst which thou canst not strive, thou
durst not murmur.'"

Mr Henley spoke: and Mr Gladstone; who felt an insuperable objection to the Measure before the House. The Attorney-General spoke at some length. The Debate on the Opposition side was wound up by Disraeli.

He said that ten days ago the Question before the House was a question between the Parliament of England and the people and Government of France. He for one, and a great majority of the House, sympathized with the people and Government of

France under the circumstances which had recently occurred. It would have been most impolitic that we should hastily have shown that there was on the part of the House of Commons a want of sympathy with the Nation and Government of France. The permission to introduce the Bill was a declaration that there was an earnest desire on the part of the Parliament of England to show that they sympathized with the Emperor of the French, and the French people, in their condition. He had himself treated the proposal of the Government as inadequate: in the meantime no reply had been sent, although hoped for by himself, to the Minister of France. He added that negligence had been shown by the English Government "occasioned no doubt by perplexity of opinion, and timidity of sentiment." The Greek Kalends may be the period for the repartee of the Government. Lord Palmerston had declared in scoffing tones that we, the Opposition, thought that a highflown dispatch should have been

written; that he, Lord Palmerston, thought that a Despatch was not at all the proper mode of meeting it: in fact that it was impossible to answer the Despatch of the French Minister; and therefore he, Lord Palmerston, offered a substitution, in the shape of altering our legislation, which they will receive as a great compliment; and which, as the Honourable and Learned Attorney-General told us to-night, was already prepared; and about to be introduced. We have been treated to-night by the learned Lord Advocate with scoffing words, in which he told us that our specific for a difficult diplomatic conjunction was the composition of a smart Despatch.

Disraeli concluded, "I think that it would have been well to have taken the opportunity of asserting the principles of the public law; of vindicating international rights; of appealing to the deep pathos of a nation's dignity; of appealing, not merely to the litigious spirit, but to the nobler emotions of the French Government: a course

which, had it been pursued with frankness and self-respect, would, in my mind, have prevented the necessity of this Bill being presented to Parliament and to the people."

"To-night we have really to decide only upon that question. Those who may follow me, if I be followed, may attempt again to rouse the passions, or to stimulate the fears, of this House by allusions to possible misconceptions between the two countries. I have no such fears: the vote which we arrived at ten days ago upon the introduction of this Bill has been perfectly understood. It is not a diplomatic, it is not a political, issue: it is indeed an issue of the greatest importance; but narrowed to a very small limit. It is a question between this House and the servants of the Crown. Have they, or have they not, done their duty? I will not enter into a discussion of the merits, nor even of the character of the law which they have placed on our table. If the Amendment proposed by the Right Hon. Member for Ashton be carried, there

will be nothing to prevent us from proceeding to the consideration of this Measure: and of this Measure I give that same guarded opinion that I have given before. I reserve to myself the right of deciding upon it on its merits. What we have to determine now is whether the Resolution of the Right Hon. Gentleman is a just and proper Resolution: whether its allegations are accurate: whether its sentiments are those which this House ought to sanction: whether the regret which we express as Englishmen has, or has not touched the heart of the entire nation. That, Sir, is the issue. I protest against any foreign element being imported into it. Let us decide whether or not the Amendment of the Right Hon. gentleman is justified by the circumstances.

"I think that it is expressed in moderate, though grave, language. I think that in supporting it we are fulfilling a public duty: and that if we carry it we shall accomplish a public benefit."

I have frequently heard Lord Palmerston

make very flat, and occasionally pointless, speeches: on this occasion he appeared to me not only to be considerably below par, but, what I do not remember to have observed on other occasions, it seemed that he genuinely lost his temper.

He said that Mr Milner Gibson and Mr Gladstone, leaving the subject under discussion, had entered into a long and elaborate attack upon his former conduct when Secretary for Foreign Affairs: that they had ransacked the files of old newspapers for the purpose of attacking him; that it was fortunate for them that his industry had not led him to ransack some old newspapers to see what *they* had said: that it was the first time that he had seen Mr Milner Gibson in the character of champion and vindicator of the honour of England: whenever the Rights of England had been called in question by a foreign country the Right Hon. gentleman had been the advocate of the foreign country against his own. The Right Hon. gentleman had invariably advocated

the policy of submission; of crouching to every foreign power. He declared that Mr Milner Gibson had been the mouthpiece of a small party, who in public had said "What care we if this country should be conquered by a foreign force? if we were conquered by a foreign Power, they would allow us to work our mills." (Cries of Question.) "Will the House stultify itself? Those who are prepared to do so cannot be expected to acknowledge it. None are so unconscious of stultifying themselves as those who actually do it," etc.

The Question was then put; the numbers being

Ayes	.	.	.	215.
Noes	.	.	.	234.

The precise words of Mr Milner Gibson's successful Amendment I give verbatim;

Resolved, 'That this House hears with much concern that recent attempts upon the life of the Emperor of the French have been devised in England: and expresses its detes-

tation of such guilty enterprises: that this House is ready at all times to assist in remedying any defects in the Criminal Law which after due investigation are proved to exist: yet it cannot but regret that Her Majesty's Government, previously to inviting the House to amend the Law of Conspiracy by the Second Reading of this Bill at the present time, has not felt it to be their duty to make some reply to the important Despatch received from the French Government, dated Paris, January 20. 1858. and which has been laid before Parliament.'

So ended Lord Palmerston's Administration. I remember the radiant smile upon Mr Milner Gibson's face, which I have alluded to, increase when the fate of the '*vert galant*' Premier was announced.

Descending to Westminster Hall, I found three persons 'waiting for the verdict': they were alone: Lord Granville, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and, I think, Lord Bessborough. Lord Granville said "What are the numbers?" I replied "A majority of nineteen."

"Which way?" "I am too polite to tell you."

THERE WAS ONE CLASS of persons that Napoleon III. must have found it difficult to deal with. Living in London in a somewhat *mesquine* society, there were those who hung about him because he was a Prince, though only titular; persons who could never creep into really good society; and a good many who were not fit for any society bearing the name.

Bohemian as he was by nature, and mixing with this class in his daily life in London, he must have been hampered when he came to the throne, and supreme power, not only by the pecuniary applications of many, but by their wish to re-establish social relations. Some of them no doubt were decently respectable; and of a class to whom he might show hospitality: but there must have been many more whom he could not possibly invite to meet men nor women whose friendship he wished to cultivate.

I have no doubt that Napoleon III. separated pleasure and business with the exact line of demarcation made by every wise man. Like his uncle, I doubt if females influenced him in any degree: except in the case of his wife. No doubt he felt that it was necessary latterly to place confidence in someone: and that prudence suggested to him to trust the one person who had most interest in preserving for the throne of France himself and his dynasty.

I THOUGHT at the time, and think still, that the Emperor committed an error in giving to the soldiers of his army a political vote.

In his Proclamation he expressed a hope that they would vote like citizens, but always would remember that their first duty as soldiers was implicitly to obey orders.

Nothing can be more fatal to discipline than 'a divided duty.' It would embarrass an astute and philosophical mind so to separate conscientiously his actions. To

vote against A. B. or C. on one day, and on the next shoot down those who were opposing A. B. or C. is an anomalous position. How could he expect from the average French soldier, a man of small education, and not enlarged intellect, to discriminate ?

A soldier is taught that Obedience is his first duty: What advantage would be gained by distracting him from this duty, and making him a politician ?

The votes obtained by Napoleon III. were so enormous that the addition of the vote of the French army would not have been material. The result, as we have seen, was a diminution, that could not be concealed, of his popularity among his troops. Had the French soldier had no vote, this diminution would not have been palpable to the French nation: I am surprised that a man with the astute intellect of Napoleon III. did not take this view.

ONE OF THE BEST of those employed by the Emperor was the Count de Sartiges, his Ambassador at the Court of the Pope.

I had seen a good deal of him during my stay at Rome: on the evening before I left the Eternal City I was at an evening party at the Embassy. He asked me to wait: saying that he wished to speak to me after the rest of the company were gone. I waited. Leaning on the stove in the principal room he told me that the next morning at eleven he was to have an interview with Pius IX. to endeavour to settle this everlasting '*Question Romaine*.' He said to me, "If you were the Pope, what would you say?"

I replied "I should say, 'If you go,' meaning of course the French Army of Occupation, 'I shall go. I shall, for the sake of effect, put the Bible under my arm, and a *scudo* in my pocket.'"

The Ambassador paused: then said, "A woman's method: and a very powerful one."

I added, "You cannot afford to quarrel with a man, who, by a dozen strokes of his pen, can set every priest in France against you."

Count Sartiges said "Quite true! with universal suffrage it is impossible."

"The Pope knows that so well as your Excellency and I do."

I left Rome the next day: from what I gleaned in the European newspapers this was not unlike what passed.

I have never met a more pleasant specimen of a diplomatist than Count Sartiges. I hinted that I hoped to see him fill a high position in the Government of the Emperor. He said "If I can but once get rid of this wearisome question, I have but one ambition: my apartment in Paris, and my cigar."

He died not long ago, at a great age: being deservedly a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

TO ONE QUESTION I have never obtained an answer. Why was Napoleon III.

not crowned? Fond of spectacles as are the French people, and with the sense of the dramatic, which was one of his characteristics, one might have anticipated that the Cathedral of Notre Dame would have been made the scene of a display unequalled except at the Coronation of George IV.

I can only conjecture that the Emperor considered that there was one person alone who could perform the function: the Pope. His uncle had been crowned by Pius VII. who was more or less under duresse at the time. Napoleon I. took the crown with his own hands from the Pope: and placed it on his head. This action may have been a warning to Pius IX. not to risk being placed in a similar position.

OF THE NUMBERLESS portraits in oil, engravings, and photographs, I think that the best is that in the Royal Palace of Turin painted by Paul de la Roche. All the photographs are more or less like him.

One, in a favourite pose, leaning with his elbow on his knee, with the little Prince Imperial, a child in a frock, in the foreground, is very good: Napoleon III. had a particularly good-natured smile, which contrasted remarkably with his usually sombre expression.

His mustachios contrasted curiously with his hair: the latter was peculiarly soft, and silky; whereas the mustachios were very coarse, and thick.

Both Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel were right to 'plant out' their faces: neither would have responded to Madame de Stael's ideal: "I like a bare face," said she, "but it must be a good one."

I CANNOT OMIT from my recollections the name of a lady who arrived in France in the winter of 1855. and who took Paris by storm. I was at a private Ball at the Tuileries at which were assembled almost all of those who had taken part in the recent Crimean War.

I remember speaking to Marshal Canrobert, to whom I was presented. He said to me, "Monsieur does not dance?" "And you, Marshal?" "I dance no more!" "But you can make others dance!" I heard afterwards that this was a *mot* of the first Emperor.

I thought, of all the distinguished men present, that General Niel was the best bred.

On returning from a quadrille I observed a lady sitting against the wall, whom I had not seen before. I said to my partner, "If you want to see my idea of a woman, there she sits." The lady in question was badly dressed, her dressmaker certainly not being of Paris; she was sitting between two ladies whom evidently she did not know. I was very much struck by her beauty. Thoroughly English in appearance and style, a most symmetrical figure, and beautiful face, no attempt at 'make up': it was real, genuine Beauty, such as I have never seen surpassed.

I had no idea who she was: I learned that this was the Countess Castiglione.

While speaking with Lady Cowley the Empress came up: she had on a pale yellow dress. Looking at the lady in question, of whom she had evidently heard, the Empress said—And now I feel sure that my readers, especially my female readers, would like very much to know what it was that the Empress said. I must tell them at once that for the small price at which this volume is sold I do not think it right to give the words.

Later in the evening General La Marmora, the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian army, offered to introduce me to Madame Castiglione: he said that he had just presented to her Lord Lyons, the first of the title, the distinguished Admiral and Ambassador.

General La Marmora used an expression, not uncommon among the French; but which I had not heard before. Speaking of the Admiral he said, "*Il est très amateur*

de jolies femmes": a good description of some of the greatest of mankind; the types of Augustus, not of Antony. The lady was sitting in the midst of a semicircle of five admirers, whom she appeared to hold very cheap indeed. I expressed a hope that she would visit London, and I ventured to add that though we should admire her very much we should not show quite the same idolatry as the French evidently were prepared to show. Madame Castiglione expressed her views tersely and vigorously in relation to the value of an Englishman's admiration. When in the tea-room the inevitable mother-in-law appeared. I made my bow, and went to the end of the room where the Cotillon was being danced: the Valse being played was the melody in 'Il Trovatore,' where the prisoner appeals to the lady from his dungeon tower. Having, I can assure my readers, a great quantity of Sentiment, I presumed to look at the lady, who was at some little distance, when it came to that

part of the melody "*Non ti scordar! non ti scordar di me!*" The same thought had apparently occurred to this marvellous beauty: and a slight bow, full of dignity and appreciation, was my reward.

Absolute, perfect, unanswerable proof of pre-eminent and undoubted superiority was shown to Madame Castiglione then, and for some time afterwards. Every sort of envious gossip, old, stale, ridiculous, and contemptible, was uttered of her.

It is possible that her object in coming to France may have been to persuade the Emperor to liberate her country: and I feel sure she must have charmed him, and every sensible person with whom she came in contact.

One story was that the Emperor asked her if she did not care for Admiration. Madame Castiglione replied, "If your Majesty from the time you were six years old had heard nothing but 'How beautiful she is!' you would be as sick of it as I am." On being asked by the same illustrious

person if there was anything she cared for, she replied "My husband, and my children."

I left Paris a few days after my introduction. Some time later I saw Madame Castiglione at the Queen's Ball: and a few days after at Locke's shop in Regent Street. She was accompanied in her carriage en tête-à-tête by M. Corti, Chargé d'Affaires of the Italian Embassy. The little man harped my thoughts as I was leaning against the carriage. "Ah! Sir William," said he, "you see what it is to be de ogly man." I replied "A very enviable condition I have always thought."

If ever a woman had a triumph in the Capital it was Madame Castiglione. Arriving in Paris almost unknown she took the world absolutely by storm, and was the object of admiration, for a very long time, of every circle.

ON THE VISIT of the Emperor and Empress to London the crowds were, of course, enormous.

My brother, the late Lieutenant-General Keith Fraser, commanded the escort which brought the Emperor and the Empress through the City to the West End. Opposite to the Mansion House the pressure was enormous: my brother, who was riding close to the carriage, observed a man dressed as a labourer, who pertinaciously insisted upon placing his hand on the upper edge of the door of the open carriage occupied by the Sovereigns. Of course the strictest orders had been given to prevent anything like personal access: after speaking several times to this persistent *prolétaire*, my brother gave him a broad hint by thrusting the point of his sword through his hat, and throwing it away some distance over the heads of the crowd. The man took but little notice: as he still retained his position, Captain Fraser did his duty by giving him a violent kick with his left boot in the centre of his back. The man still held on. The servant, who was on the seat at the back of the carriage leant for-

ward; and whispered, "The head of the detectives, Sir."

Every possible precaution was taken by the Government to protect the person of the Emperor. I know that their anxiety was great during the time he was in London. Indeed it speaks volumes for the skill of our detective system that no attempt was made on his person during his stay.

On his return to Paris the Emperor, with the thoughtful good-nature which was his characteristic, sent four breast-pins of some value to the Commanding-Officer of the First Life Guards, to be given to the Officers who had served him in commanding his escorts. Some time after, my brother told me a fact which I could not have believed except from his own lips. The Officers of the First Life Guards have been for several generations gentlemen, in the best possible sense of that term. I relate with regret a miserable exception. Colonel X., on receiving the pins, gave three of them to the Officers who had com-

manded the Emperor's escorts. He passed over my brother, who it so happened had twice commanded an escort, and gave the fourth to an Officer junior to him, who had commanded the escort only once. His reason for doing so was that my brother was Captain Fraser, his junior was the eldest son of the Earl of Wilton. I did not hear of this disgraceful act till some time afterwards. I still regret that I did not write to General Fleury, asking him to suggest to the Emperor that he should send another pin. I have not the least doubt that he would have done so: but I was so wounded by the idea that anyone commanding that honourable Regiment should behave in such a manner that the thought did not occur to me.

I WAS PRESENT at the Opera when Napoleon III. accompanied the Queen in a visit of State. The Royal and Imperial box was formed in the centre of the house.

The Opera was Beethoven's chef-d'œuvre 'Fidelio:' the sombre character of the drama was redeemed by the scene enacted off the stage. After the conclusion of the first Act loud vociferations resounded in the theatre in honour of the Queen's Imperial guest. The Queen and the Emperor rose from their seats; at a moment selected with admirable judgment the Queen turning to the right made a low curtsey to Napoleon. Nothing could be better done, nor have produced a greater effect. The cheers that followed this simple act were deafening; and even the Emperor's sombre countenance visibly brightened in accepting this great compliment.

AN ENIGMA connected, in his own opinion, with Napoleon III., and known as 'The Carpet-Bag Mystery,' has never been solved.

A carpet-bag was found in the early morning on one of the piers of Waterloo

Bridge: it contained a number of human limbs belonging to the same body; without the head: some clothes were there; but nothing to indicate the name of the person who had been murdered. From the place in which the body was found, it was conjectured not unreasonably that, so far from wishing to hide the crime, the object of its perpetrators had been to attract public attention to it. It had obviously been carefully lowered from the parapet to the position in which it was found. Some indications pointed to the theory that the murdered man was a foreigner.

I know that it was the firm conviction of the Emperor that the limbs discovered were parts of the person of a spy employed by him.

As regards the question of Conspiracy in this country it may be wise to reflect that the infamous scoundrels who perpetrate murder are known almost to a man to the detectives of London: that they work in a glass hive: that their movements are care-

fully, and loyally, watched in favour of Foreign Powers: and that in no country can it be so difficult to arrange their vile schemes as in this.

No sooner has an Anarchist, or one following the various unpractical, and nonsensical, creeds made up his mind to leave this country for Paris than his name and intentions are telegraphed to the Police of that Capital; inferior, I believe, on the whole to our own: from the moment that he arrives in Paris his movements are watched; or, if they be not, it is the fault entirely of the French Police.

IMMEDIATELY upon the election of Louis Napoleon as President for ten years a Monarchical change took place. I observed that on the State box at the Théâtre Français, instead of the initials R. F. (République Française) were placed at once the letters L. N. In this, as in other things, France felt with relief that the strong hand of one man was to rule her.

I WROTE the following account at the time: relating the triumphal entry of such French troops as returned from the Crimea, at the close of 1855.

'Shortly before noon I found myself on the Place de la Bastille, where the troops about to make their solemn entry were already drawn up. There appeared to be some of every service except Cavalry: Artillery, Engineers, Grenadiers, Gendarmerie of the Guard, Zouaves, Chasseurs, and Infantry of the Line were present. In front of the line were paraded in undress uniform the wounded of the different corps. The houses surrounding the Place de la Bastille were crowded to the roof. Looking down the Boulevards, myriads of faces could be seen: not a point of view was unfilled. At ten minutes past twelve the Emperor arrived; followed at an interval by his Staff. Amidst the beating of drums and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*," his Majesty rode down the front of the line. The troops then formed a square, facing inwards; and

while the 15,000 soldiers and the vast multitude held breathless silence Napoleon III. addressed his gallant army in those heart-stirring words, in the use of which he is a master.

By the politeness of the French Officers I was enabled to approach very near to the Emperor; and had an excellent opportunity of observing his manner of speaking; as well as of hearing him most distinctly. The Emperor was mounted on a dark chestnut English horse, called 'Phillips.' He wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, with the Riband and Star of the Legion of Honour, and the Military Medal. His speech, which was spoken with great emphasis, gave me the impression of having been learnt by heart. He spoke most clearly, and without the nasal intonation frequent in Frenchmen. He used no gesticulation; except at the end of his address; when he raised his right hand.

These were the Emperor's words:

"Soldiers! I come to meet you, as the

Roman Senate of old came to the gates of the City to meet their victorious legions. I come to tell you that you have deserved well of your country.

"My emotion is great: for with the happiness of again beholding you, are mingled deep sorrow for those who are no more, and a profound regret not to have been able myself to lead you to glory.

"Soldiers of the Guard! and soldiers of the Line! you are welcome. You both represent that Army of the East whose courage and perseverance have newly illustrated our Eagles; and re-conquered for France the rank that was her due.

"Our Country, attentive to all that has been accomplished in the East, welcomes you with so much the more pride, that it measures your efforts by the obstinate resistance of the Enemy.

"I have recalled you, though the war is not ended, because it is just to replace by turns those Regiments that have suffered most. Each will thus go to take its share

of Glory: the land that maintains six hundred thousand soldiers is interested that there should be, now in France, a numerous war-trained army ready to turn where necessity may require.

"Carefully, then, preserve the habits of war: strengthen yourselves in the experience you have gained: hold yourselves ready to answer, if need be, to my appeal. But, to-day, forget the trials of a soldier's life: thank God for having spared you: and march proudly amid your brethren-in-arms, and your fellow-citizens, whose acclamations await you."

The Speech was followed by loud cries of '*Vive l'Empereur:*' and the troops marched off through the Boulevards to the Place Vendôme.

Along the whole line of march not a window was vacant: banners, inscriptions, wreaths of laurel; in short every possible device was resorted to, to welcome '*les braves.*' Two enormous triumphal arches spanned the road. These were covered with the

emblems of Victory. 'Alma,' 'Inkermann,' 'Traktir' (Tchernaya), 'Sebastopol,' were conspicuous on both.

On arriving at the Place Vendôme I found the Emperor and his staff fronting the Column of Austerlitz; with their backs to the Ministry of Justice. On the first floor of this building, under a splendid canopy of crimson velvet and gold, was the Empress, who appeared to take the most eager interest in the scene.

On the opposite side, under the Column, stood a group, for they were hardly more, which recalled my imagination from the present to the past. Those old men, in uniforms so faded, and so old-fashioned that they seem to have been dressed in masquerade, are the relics of the '*Grande Armée.*'

Those twenty-five shrivelled and decrepit forms represent the myriads who once conquered Europe. These two with scarlet coats and trousers are the once famous Red Lancers of Napoleon; their feathers rise at least two feet above their battered caps. Who

is that being with the gigantic cocked-hat and gauntlets up to his elbows? He is a Gendarme of the Empire. Who is he on the right of all with the black gaiters buttoned up the thigh and the rusty old bear-skin cap? Room for him! He eat horse-flesh in the Kremlin; and charged us in the Old Guard at Waterloo!

The marching past has begun. At the head of all comes the hero who refused the coveted honour of a Marshal's baton, lest it might diminish the glory of his brother general. On his heart is England's Star of Honour. A hundred thousand voices shout "*Vive Canrobert!*" The column of troops is 'left in front,' so that the Regiments of the Line pass first. Numbers of men carry the wreaths of laurel thrown to them on their passage. As they approach the Emperor they shout "*Vive l'Empereur: Vive l'Impératrice*": that lady waves her handkerchief, and claps her hands, with no feigned emotion. One Eagle has been pierced through the left wing by a bullet.

The wounded of each corps march in front of their regiment. Many had lost an arm; some a leg, or an eye; but all seemed to brighten up as they approached the Emperor. A more touching sight could not be seen. To reflect that for every man who reaped this small harvest of glory two lie

> 'In those neglected graves
> Where Valour sleeps unnamed, forgot!'

might make the hardest heart bleed.

Nothing could be more successful as a display. The Emperor rode off to the Tuileries; and the vast crowd dispersed.

Paris is illuminated to-night: it is remarked that the devices are more numerous than usual. Opposite where I write is a transparent inscription, with which I shall conclude my letter:

> '*Gloire aux héros de la Crimée!*
> *Paris n'a pas de plus beau jour:*
> *La fille de la Grande Armée*
> *Console sa mère au tombeau.*'

NAPOLEON III.'s address to the Senate, the Legislative Corps, and the Council of State, in announcing his marriage, won for him many hearts among the sensible portion of mankind.

He described the Empress Josephine as 'the good and modest' wife of General Buonaparte: and he speaks of the decided satisfaction of national pride in the second marriage of his uncle to the daughter of the Cæsars. The passage which produced the greatest effect was that in which he speaks of himself as a 'parvenu Emperor.' He adds, 'A glorious position, when success is achieved by the free suffrage of a great people': he pointed out that his intended wife had, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom she would wish to give honours, and dignity. He said truly that she would be an ornament of the throne: and, 'in the day of danger, would become one of his most courageous supports': 'a pious Catholic, gracious, and good, she will exhibit in the

same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.'

The prophecy of the last sentence has certainly been more than fulfilled.

In choosing his wife Napoleon III. declared that 'he had consulted his reason, and his convictions; that he had placed independence, and qualities of heart and family happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of Ambition.' He said to the collected Legislative bodies of France that in learning to know her they would be convinced that on this occasion he had been inspired by Providence.

History will record that the lady chosen by the Emperor proved herself to be a warm friend of her adopted country; and an energetic advocate of all measures that would benefit France. More than this; placed in a most exceptional position both socially, and as a handsome woman, no whisper of scandal has ever attached to her name. Determined to play an honourable and prudent part in her great position,

she fulfilled the anticipations of her husband.

SPEAKING with an American of some eminence I described Napoleon III., with hesitation, as having the eyes of that most intelligent of animals, the pig. General R. observed, "That was the term applied to Washington: 'the pig-eyed Washington.'" After hearing this, I do not hesitate to put it down.

I may remind my readers that a pig was taught to play 'Whist' fifty years before a dog: I know how it is done.

Napoleon III.'s general regard reminded me of the line,

'A sly, slow, thing; with circumspective eyes.'

I have always considered that the foot and the boot together strongly mark the characteristics of human beings.

Napoleon III. had little to admire in

this respect: beyond his feet being of moderate size in proportion to his height.

There was none of that muscular and nervous individuality about his feet which adds to the dignity of a human being. They were what I should describe as 'saw-dust feet.'

In this respect he was not unlike his uncle. One would have supposed that a man of such exceptional nervous superiority, as the First Napoleon would have had highly articulated feet. None of his portraits show this.

One day conversing with Baron Marochetti, the sculptor to whom we are indebted for the statue of Richard I. near the Houses of Parliament, speaking of Napoleon I. I expressed a doubt whether his feet were exceptionally small. The Baron replied, "We can test that at once: I have a pair of his boots upstairs, lent to me for a statue: we will see." I ventured to say that I was five feet ten and that the Emperor was five feet seven and a quarter:

I had no doubt I could put on his boots. The boots were produced: they were of the kind known as 'Napoleon' or 'butcher' boots, ending below the knee. I put them on with great ease. Baron Marochetti said, "Yes, but the Emperor never wore boots that he could not kick off." I kicked off the left boot with one kick: the right required two.

I may say, what probably no one else can say, that I have worn the boots of Napoleon, and the cloak of Wellington. The latter was shown to me by the second Duke on my first visit to Apsley House, after the death of his father.

He said "That was my father's cloak." It was of thick, white, cloth; very much frayed at the collar. This was the cloak that he wore in his battles in Spain: it is depicted in the great picture of the Battle of Vittoria in the United Service Club.

He did not wear this at Waterloo: the cloak he did wear was blue, with a white lining.

I WROTE the following account of the Queen's visit to Cherbourg at the time.

'I left Paris on Tuesday evening, after a struggle at the Station; and after sixteen hours of crowded misery, reached Cherbourg at half-past one p.m. the proper time being half-past seven a.m. After a good deal of hunting in the crowded roadstead, I gained the hospitable deck of the 'Pera;' and once more felt myself a Briton.

I found the Members of the House of Commons had, for once, exactly imitated their great prototypes, the Conscript Fathers, and taken a boat for a place which may some day be a Philippi.

I looked round in wonder and admiration at the glorious scene spread before me. On every side, ships, forts, and batteries, great and small. Here, the ships of the 'Tall Ammirals,' French, and English; there, the smart frigate 'Euryalus;' here, the finest ship in the French Navy, the '*Napoleon:*' and, more purely ornamental than these, the limitless squadron of yachts,

with their tiny flags displayed, forming a 'countless smile' of colours. Nothing could surpass the brilliance of the weather; a bright sun, with a cool north-east breeze; the rocks, and trees, and town, all combined in a lovely picture.

Soon after reaching the 'Pera,' we set out in the 'tender' 'Pleiades,' to see the wonders of the '*Digue:*' this is exactly like our familiar breakwater, with the addition of three very heavily-armed forts. Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., who was among the M.P.s, did not seem to think much of the latter: they are, however, about to be added to. The '*Digue*' commands a fine view of the shore batteries, bristling with the heaviest cannon, and of the *Fort du Roule*, perched on an eminence behind the town.

If this scene was grand in the silence of a sunny afternoon, what was it when bells tolled the hour of six. At that instant the Queen, who had been on shore with the Empress, stepped into her barge: suddenly a noise resounded, to which the loudest

thunder was as a child's rattle: from every-one of the French ships, and from every port was discharged a salute that might have awakened the gallant old Truguet himself. Everything you have ever imagined of noise must be a joke to that tremendous roar. Unlike our sullen, though dignified, twenty-one guns, the French men-of-war fire a *feu-de-joie* with their great guns, down one deck and up another, with a rapidity equal to that of a line of musketry, and as each gun is a 68-pounder, the effect on your tympana lasts some time. The forts fire volleys: all the guns at once. Each salute is repeated three times.

At seven the Queen's barge and the Emperor's were manned; and both Sovereigns went on board the French Admiral's ship the '*Bretagne*' to dine. The same tremendous clatter took place; and as the Emperor and Queen stepped on the quarter-deck, the Royal and Imperial standards were hoisted at the main-masthead. I noticed that the Royal Standard absolutely

refused for at least two minutes to join company with the Imperial tricolor: *absit omen!* At last a sailor managed, by climbing, to disentangle the aristocratic folds; and the union was consummated. By the bye, I may as well here mention one proof of our decided superiority over our 'gallant allies.' The French did not dare in any of their ships to man their top-gallant yards: while, not only did our men do so, but to the intense delight of every Briton looking on, a sailor in five ships stood on his head on the truck of the top-mast, which is, as you know, the extreme point: and on the Admiral's ship, the man at the main-mast-head in the same position stretched out both arms and waved a flag! "Truly" I said to myself, as I went down to an excellent dinner, "we are a great people: the greatest the world has ever seen."

The dinner on board the French Admiral was a success: the Queen was much pleased: the Emperor made one of his short and most admirable speeches, comparing the good

sense of England and France to the breakwater, which would stem the waves of evil passion.

At ten o'clock began a scene which no one present will ever forget: the whole of the double fleet was simultaneously lighted up: fireworks of the most brilliant sort soared into the air; a splendid band of music broke the silence; one seemed to be transported to some other region, far away from this dreary planet. At length the Queen bade farewell, and on her leaving the '*Bretagne*,' the French men-of-war woke the echoes for miles and miles with their thundering salvoes. The effect of this was more than sublime. Each minute the whole sky was lighted up, and every ship visible; then darkness, and a roar that was deafening, varied only by the British cheer: a sound that has never failed to flush my cheek, and to make me thank God that I am a Briton.

At length there was perfect silence, and no one would have fancied, looking across

the calm moon-lit bay, that such mighty engines of destruction were waiting upon passions not less tremendous.

On Friday morning the Queen departed. The Emperor called on her early; his beautiful white and gold barge, with its green velvet canopy dancing over the waves; and at eleven the royal yacht, escorted by the Squadron, left the roads with the usual honours.

I devoted the day to inspecting the wonders of the docks, with an intelligent friend, an Officer of the 'Pera.' Our boat was nearly fired at on going in by an officious sentry: but finally escaped.

I will defer my description of the '*Bassin Napoleon III.*,' as it then appeared. Suffice it now to say that I had to abandon my berth on board the 'Pera,' as the Senate chose to depart, very unadvisedly as I thought, before the great ceremony of Saturday took place.

I might amuse you were I to relate some of the incidents which occurred during my

sojourn on board the Senatorial vessel. I might tell you how an elderly county Member fell out of his berth, and all but obliterated his nose: owing, of course, to the motion of the vessel: how there was an adjourned debate on the question of returning or remaining: how a certain Admiral announced in the midst of this the completion of the Atlantic cable, amidst frenzied shouts of "Question!" "Divide!" "Nonsense!" "Sit down!" "Bravo Charley!" etc. etc.: how a certain learned member, Sam. Warren, attempted a set speech on the poop, amid showers of rockets; and was summarily 'shut up' by a suggestion to try a certain blacking: how two members of the Commons' House all but came to fisticuffs; and growled at each other in a frightful manner: all this, I say, I might relate, but it would be, I think, a breach of Privilege.

The last I saw of the House of Commons was on the Quay near the great statue of Napoleon I. They had just heard that their

steamer was aground: and I left them in a 'sorrowful mood': A County Member, a family man of course, attempting, in the character of Don Juan, to address the veiled Emperor as "*gentilissima statua!*"

I had an opportunity of carefully inspecting the great works in the course of completion at Cherbourg; a privilege accorded to but few.

Nothing in England can compare with these works for size. Neither Keyham nor any other basin at all approaches the new '*Bassin Napoleon III.*' which, when I first saw it, the day before the immersion, was perfectly dry; and looked larger than when subsequently filled with water. Nothing can surpass the perfection with which the stone work has been done. The whole 20 acres of granite are as carefully and elaborately finished as an inlaid table of Tuscan marble. There is not the slightest appearance of hurry or want of care; in short, it is so perfect as the work of man can be.

I was able to observe closely the machinery by which the sea was, for the first time, to be let into the grand basin. Like most French arrangements, it was very ingenious, and succeeded as the result proved.

I was much struck with the admirable design of the triumphal arch built at the head of the grand basin. It was formed entirely of ships' tanks; these cube-shaped iron boxes taking the place of granite blocks, and the whole of the ornaments of the arch, which was most exquisitely proportioned, were formed of ships' stores. A number of men-of-war's lanterns crowned the edifice; and on either side were trophies, executed in the most perfect taste, of guns, cannon-shot, rammers, etc. with a large anchor most gracefully formed, and a brass screw of large dimensions. I never saw a more perfect result of good taste, and really artistic design.

I descended into the basin and read the plate so soon to be covered for ever; it

bore the names of the Emperor and Empress.

I must now tell you of the splendid ceremony which took place on this spot on the following morning, Saturday. By eleven o'clock I was at the place allotted to me, and which commanded the best view of everything that was done. The first thing which attracted my attention was the bank, or dam, of sand, which was to restrain the sea until the desired moment. This had partly given way, and I saw at once, that this part of the performance was *manqué;* however there was no help for it. It was a curious sight to see the myriads of people assembling round this vast crater: it was the only reality approaching Martin's ideas that I have ever seen: it was a subject worthy of his pencil.

Next me was a French priest, very anxious indeed to have any '*Lord Anglais*' pointed out to him; I was rather amused by his eager curiosity. "Sir Williams" and "Sir Codlington" were among the

early arrivals; also "Sir Napier" in a cocked hat of most preposterous dimensions, placed athwart-ships; he distinguished himself by occupying a gorgeous arm-chair, placed under a canopy, prepared for the Bishop who subsequently blessed the basin. The priest was very anxious to know the name of a 'General' in the crowd. After a good deal of trouble I made out whom he meant; he looked very much astonished when I told him that the dignified individual was not a General nor a soldier at all; but a real Poet! In fact, it was Monckton Milnes, disguised in a Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

The Emperor at length arrived; and immediately giving his arm to the Empress, descended the long staircase into the basin. Here His Majesty placed the stone, and invested the Architect with the Legion of Honour. I may mention, for the benefit of the Ladies, that the Empress wore a white dress, white bonnet, and a Napoleon green mantle, edged with black lace.

Finding that the grand rush of water would not take place, the Emperor set off to inspect the *ateliers;* and I went back to the 'Prince Frederick William,' Capt. Smithers; where I was most hospitably entertained, and had a very good luncheon. On the way I stopped to observe the casualty which had occurred; and while upon the broken dam, the caisson suddenly floated, and a tremendous rush of the sea took place, the basin gradually filling. This the Emperor did not see; but my old acquaintance Gudin, the marine painter, made a sketch for an historical painting of the event. I met the Duke de Malakoff on my way, who shook hands most cordially, and seemed in great spirits.

At half-past six I returned to the basin, now quite filled, just in time to see the '*Ville de Nantes*,' a 90-gun ship, launched. She slid into the basin very gracefully. I observed that an immense cloud of smoke followed, showing great friction. Nothing could surpass this sight; the bright setting

sun; the myriads of people; the thunder of three thousand cannon, never can be forgotten.

In the evening there was a Ball at the Hotel de Ville, to which I was invited. It was, as usual, a great crowd. I was fortunate enough to find myself in a room into which the Emperor and Empress came. I thought them both looking well: the Emperor rather aged since I saw him at Biarritz: but apparently in good health. The Empress looked very well; she wore a white dress worked with flowers in silk; and had a splendid tiara on her head. There were not many English at the ball. I observed Lord Seymour, Lord and Lady Wilton, and a few others. I was told that Madame Guiccioli, Lord Byron's love, was there, but I did not see her.

The Fêtes were brought to a close by the final ceremony of unveiling the statue of Napoleon I. on the Quay. I was curious to see this, and reached the spot early. After a good deal of delay the Emperor and

Empress arrived: at the moment of their arrival the cloth was instantaneously drawn from the Statue, which is in my opinion a good one. I observe that some of the newspapers say the Emperor is pointing to the works at Cherbourg. Now this is nonsense: it is true that the horse's head is towards the west, but the Emperor's head faces the north-west; and a straight line drawn from the middle finger of his right hand, which is stretched out in a most menacing attitude, would bisect the Isle of Wight.

No one could look at the statue without seeing the scowl of the face; and that he points to England. I can assure you of this; for I examined the statue carefully later in the day with my pocket-compass.

The Addresses were then read; here I observed an excellent piece of stage-business. A crowd of old men, decorated with the '*Médaille de St. Hélène*,' approached; one was in the uniform of a Voltigeur of the Old Imperial Guard, with his gigantic

feather, and short waist. As he drew near, the Emperor stepped forward, and spoke to him. The old man apparently related some anecdote of former days; and, in his eagerness, took hold of the Emperor's button. The Emperor chatted to him for some few minutes, and at length, to the delight of the public, permitted the veteran to kiss his cheek. There was an old soldier, aged 102, quite blind, wheeled in a chair ; to whom the Empress talked for some time, and gave some souvenirs.

After this the troops marched past. I observed one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, with doubtful tact, pointing out to the Empress a wound in one of the carriage-horse's legs, made by the shells in the Rue Lepelletier.

I saw the last of the Imperial fleet as they left the roads, amid the renewed thunders of the morning. As I returned alone, from the point where I had watched them, I pondered on the future of Cherbourg. That it is thrown out as a direct

menace I do not think consistent with the policy of the present ruler of France: but that it is a power lying in our path, and close to our door, is obvious. One thing appears clear, the Battle for British supremacy must be fought at sea; and, unless we are prepared to yield in our policy to France, (I do not anticipate an open rupture,) we must have a fleet so numerous and so manned as to make Cherbourg useless for offence. We can do this: and unless we do it, we deserve to be laughed at, and degraded.'

ONE OF THE EMPEROR'S principal allies was Count de Flahault, the life-long friend of his mother, Hortense Queen of Holland. With the wife of Count Flahault I was well acquainted.

I first knew her at Rome; she living in the Palazzo Mignianelli. Her father, Admiral Viscount Keith G.C.B. one of the most brilliant sailors of his epoch; to whom Napoleon surrendered his person after

Waterloo, was a relation and most intimate friend of my grand-father: it was the intention of Sir William Fraser that his eldest son and heir should marry the heiress of Lord Keith. Her considerable fortune, and above this the two ancient Scottish Baronies, Keith and Nairne, which descended in the female line, would no doubt have suited Sir William's views admirably.

It is not necessary to quote Fénelon's trite dictum '*l'homme propose*' etc.: what must have been the feelings of the British Admiral, a red-hot Tory, with a lively appreciation of the horrors of Republican France; who no doubt followed Lord Nelson's advice to 'hate a Frenchman as you do the devil;' when he discovered the smart young Frenchman, closely connected with 'the Corsican ogre' aspired to the hand of his daughter, and heiress!

During the short-lived peace of 1814. the young Count de Flahault was in England: and contrived to win the affections of Miss Elphinstone.

The fine old Admiral came to my grandfather, in a condition approaching fury. He said "Fraser, You have a dozen daughters: you rule them all: I have one: and she is too many for me. What can I do? There is this damned Frenchman hanging about: I cannot get rid of him!"

Sir William, with the practical good sense which I hope has not yet abandoned his race, replied, "Nothing is so easy: lock her up till the Frenchman leaves the country."

This sound advice was not followed: and the 'damned Frenchman' married the heiress of the Elphinstones.

I have related in 'Words on Wellington' the incident which occurred on the evening before Waterloo; when Captain Elphinstone with others of the 7th Hussars, was taken prisoner near Genappe. Count Flahault was personal aide-de-camp to Napoleon at that time: and, influenced probably by the fear of being supposed to lean towards the British, by whom in the previous year he had been so well received, standing be-

hind the Emperor's chair, he made some offensive remarks. Although subsequently he married Captain Elphinstone's cousin, the insult was never forgiven.

I used to dine very frequently with Madame de Flahault at Rome: the rest of the party invariably consisted of the Prince and Princess de Broglie, and Lady Canning.

In that season at Rome, before the British colony had been broken up, and the Revolution had taken place, there were three ladies of formidable aspect and demeanour, known there as '*Les Trois Parcs.*' The Countess of Beverley, the Countess of Lichfield, and the Countess de Flahault. They well deserved their name. However 'the Fates' were very favourable to myself: and I appreciated the three, as being women of strongly-marked character; with decided likes and dislikes; and without the shabby flabbishness of conventional judgment.

In the evening one or two friends visited the Palazzo Mignianelli, according to the charming custom of Roman society. The

practice of '*prima sera*,' where friends visit each other immediately after dinner, and before going to a ball, is excellent in small societies. It has been tried occasionally in London, notably by the first Countess of Ellesmere, when living at 18 Belgrave Square: but the result in London was not satisfactory. Those whom she wished to visit her did not always come: whereas those whom she was inclined to exclude invariably attended.

The Duke of Devonshire occasionally looked in; an agreeable, but rather languid nobleman; teeming with good-nature, and thoughtful kindness; who gave you the impression of one who, having been from youth at the top of the tree, hardly thought it worth while to pick the fruit.

The reader may forgive me here for a slight digression. A question arose, and was for many years a matter of discussion, whether this Duke was really the offspring of his ostensible mother. The theory was that his mother, having borne a female child, an ex-

change was made; and a son of Lady Elizabeth Foster, who subsequently became the Duke of Devonshire's second wife, had been substituted. I lately heard very strong evidence absolutely contradicting this suggestion. A person upon whose authority I can rely, in no way connected with the family of Cavendish, told me this fact. One of the most vehement, not to say venomous, supporters of the substitution theory was the Countess of Cork, an old lady who late in life was supposed to have imperfect perception of the laws of '*meum*' and '*tuum*': and figured in London society as 'a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.' This lady persisted under all circumstances in declaring that there had been an exchange of children.

She became a complete convert to the opposite belief from what occurred to herself. Driving in an open carriage with the Duchess and her son, then a child, through the crowded streets, an accident occurred. The horses escaped from the controul of the driver; dashed among the vehicles; jeo-

pardizing the lives of the three. Lady Cork declared for the rest of her life that the conduct of the Duchess proved beyond all question that she was the mother of the future Duke. She appeared reckless of her own life: but showed the most terrible anxiety in relation to the life of her child. Stronger evidence could hardly be brought than this. The oft-quoted sagacity of the Jewish monarch might be cited.

The other guest who was an habitué of Madame de Flahault's receptions was one who played a most conspicuous part in Italian history.

At the time that I speak of Count Rossi was French Ambassador at the Court of Pope Pius IX.

Night after night the double doors of the drawing-room were thrown open; and the servant in a loud and dignified voice proclaimed the entrance of '*L'Ambassadeur de France.*'

Count Rossi was a short, slight man; small-limbed; with a dignified presence;

and a stately walk. I can best describe his appearance by saying that he conspicuously resembled the profile portraits of Dante. This he knew: and posed slightly for that effect. In conversation he said but little: and that little very slowly.

Pius IX. was so impressed by him that he requested the French Government to permit him to become his Prime Minister.

This he was until his murder.

The question of the impossibility of a Constitutional Pope is too large to be discussed here. I still feel sure, as I felt at the time, that if it were possible to conduct the subjects of the Pope into the path of constitutional government, Rossi was the man to do it.

What was the result?

He was cruelly and brutally slaughtered. The one man who brought good sense to bear upon so-called Liberal principles was exterminated.

Going unguarded to the legislative body assembled in the 'Cancelleria,' passing

through the crowd, a man standing at the foot of the staircase touched him on the shoulder: he turned towards him, and was at once stabbed on the opposite side. I have seen the spot where he fell.

Of course the hypocritical wretches, who shrieked for liberty at the time they destroyed him, pretended, as they always pretend, that this foul assassination came from personal motives. For this absurd theory there was not a shadow of foundation.

Macdonald the sculptor, who for many years occupied part of the Barberini Palace, was at Rome at the time; and related to me the following circumstance.

He had gone, as he did daily, to the Café in the Ruspoli Palace. He found, to his surprise, instead of the few guests who frequented the café, a dense crowd. Wondering what could be the cause, and observing in a corner a large number of flags, he waited. Presently a messenger entered the room; and said something which he could not catch. Immediately the flags were taken

from the corner: and a procession was formed, which proceeded up the Corso. The messenger had brought the news of the assassination of Rossi: for which these vile wretches had been waiting.

Whenever I have been to Rome since that time I have visited Rossi's monument in the Church adjacent to the spot where he met his death: and I have been pleased to read the words, '*Meditatâ cæde*,' engraved on the marble.

THE EMPEROR, like most great men, occasionally said good things.

It is recorded of him that, announcing to the Emperor of Russia that he was seated on the throne of France, and receiving Nicholas I.'s reply, addressed not to '*Mon frère*,' as is usual between crowned heads, but '*Mon ami*,' the Emperor at once said, "This is most flattering. We choose our friends: we cannot choose our relations."

On being asked his opinion, after reading

Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, he summed up the virulent attack upon himself in three words "*C'est ignoble.*"

ONE OF THE MOST ENVIABLE characteristics of Napoleon III. was his patience with fools. This priceless gift he possessed in a high degree. It would have been to most men of exceptional intelligence a most sore trial to 'bear and forbear' with the empty-headed necessities of his position. With one fixed object, he early made up his mind that this conduct was necessary to attain it: but to many men such a price would have been too high to be compensated by any ultimate success: I am willing to believe that he could not have carried out persistently his intentions in this respect had he not been influenced by a loftier feeling than personal ambition. I believe that he really had the interests of France at heart. As a philosophic statesman he wished for the opportunity of carrying out his theories. This to a great extent he

obtained: certainly as regards social amelioration he benefited France enormously. It would not be just for us, men of a race utterly different from the French, to judge him entirely by our standards. Napoleon III. believed that the French people could best be governed by a benevolent despotism: our experience of their later history shows that he was right. Passionate jealousy as regards each other has prevented anything like a real constitutional government taking root in France.

What the French have never been able to endure is that the man whom they meet on the boulevard every day, and to whom they breakfast opposite at a Café, or dine with at a Restaurant, should be promoted over their heads; should receive decorations, titles, office, while they are destitute of these objects of ambition.

A gloomy, and kind-hearted Sovereign, within the sombre walls of the Tuileries, was not an object capable of disturbing daily their spleen. In theory they groaned

under his yoke: in reality they thought little about him.

As regards the multitude, not unfrequent fêtes; his splendid cortège when he appeared on state occasions; clever, well-balanced appeals to their supposed patriotism; the movement well kept up by provincial progresses; and an occasional war, in which their persons were not exposed, but which was fought by poor rustic conscripts; all tended to the aggrandizement of the Monarch.

That Napoleon III. was the Man for the French Nation of his period no one can doubt.

As regards the final act of his Presidency, it is difficult to judge. The theory of his friends has been that, had he not acted as he did, within a few days or even hours, he would have been imprisoned by the supporters of both branches of the Bourbons; aided possibly by the Red Republicans: and certainly the movements, at the time, of the Princes of the House of Orleans, go some way to confirm this belief.

It is also fair to add that the Constitution which Louis Napoleon had solemnly sworn to preserve had been most materially altered from the universal suffrage, which existed at that time, to a very much modified form of voting. The Constitution of '48 did not exist in '52: the Republican Constitution, which existed at the time of his election to be President, was abolished before the Coup d'Etat: however on this subject I distinctly refrain from expressing an opinion.

OF COUNT WALEWSKI I saw something during the time he was Ambassador in London. Madame Walewska gave brilliant balls at the Embassy at Albert Gate; attended by the smartest set in London society. They both played their parts well: and were in every way well received. Count Walewski, whose relationship to the First Napoleon was well known, was an exceptionally tall man; broad and deep-chested; with a small head in proportion to

his size: smooth, dark, hair, cut short; a somewhat classic face, pale complexion, and mournful look: a man whom you could not imagine laughing: nor do I remember to have ever seen him smile. I should say his general look was not so much preoccupied as blank: not wanting in intelligence; but as one who looks on circumstances without being impressed by them. His wife was an agreeable woman; naturally lively; not French in her manners; hardly to be called pretty: perhaps the word 'pleasing' would best describe her.

COUNT DE PERSIGNY I also knew: a greater contrast than between him and the last-described cannot be imagined. I think the best term to be applied to him would be 'dapper'; small, dark, lively, no good looks of face, nor form: very quick, intelligent, and very much in earnest. He also was for some years French Ambassador in London: and his wife entertained all the smart folk. His principal characteristic was quickness,

not unmixed with shrewdness: more or less conventional in his ideas: and enthusiastic in the Imperial cause.

Madame de Persigny, the grand-daughter of Marshal Ney, was a woman of strongly marked character; and much determination; reserved, except to her intimates, and pleased with the high position which she occupied in London society.

I HAD AN AUDIENCE of the Emperor at the Tuileries. He had just returned from Mass. The only other persons present, besides Lord Cowley the British Ambassador, were the widow of Major Henry Baring, M.P. for Marlborough, formerly in the First Life Guards, and her step-daughter. The Emperor entered the room, Marshal Vaillant, Minister for War, leading; then the Emperor; followed by General Magnan, the Commandant of the Garrison of Paris. All were in full uniform. Nothing passed beyond a few commonplace remarks. I told

His Majesty that the Officers of the First Life Guards had received official information that the Regiment would not be sent to the seat of war: he observed "*Vous êtes trop beaux.*"

I was subsequently at several balls given in the Palace: the crowding was great; and the proceedings generally not characterized by dignity. A quadrille was formed in the '*Salle des Maréchaux*': on one occasion only the Emperor appeared in a dress easily recognized as a copy of his uncle's: the blue or green coat, with a *plastron;* white breeches; silk stockings; and buckled shoes. This costume did not suit his Majesty. A very indifferent pair of legs were too much *en évidence.* The crowding towards the quadrille was very great: and the arrangements not sufficiently complete to prevent somewhat unseemly disorder.

I WAS PRESENT at a remarkable scene in the '*Salle des Maréchaux*': a vast

square room in the precise centre of the Tuileries: the balcony, over the '*Place du Carrousel*,' projected from it. The occasion was the distribution of medals to the French Army who had taken part in the Crimean War, by the Duke of Cambridge. Only five British subjects were invited to this specially select apartment. Lord and Lady Cowley, the British Ambassador and Ambassadress, were there, of course: but all other Embassies, including their Chiefs, were placed in an adjoining room. The five who were selected were Lord Hertford, Lord and Lady Gray of Gray, the author of this volume, and a fifth, whose name I cannot recall. The highest Officers of State, corresponding to our Cabinet Ministers, were in the room: but no subordinate member of the Government.

It was certainly a remarkable scene. To stand on the very spot on which the unfortunate Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin, had stood: 'The Baker: The Baker's Wife: and the Baker's

son:' where the poor King had injudiciously put on 'the red cap:' to witness from thence, on the very place of the butchery of the Swiss Guards, standing beside the grandson of the Corsican attorney, a British Prince distribute military decorations to a French army, was indeed marvellous.

I was invited to a dinner-party at the British Embassy. Lady Jersey and her daughter were there; Lord and Lady Gray and others. The French and English guests were placed alternately: the former being the Emperor's Ministers.

AT A BALL given by Lady Cowley on the occasion of the signing of Peace between Britain, France, and Russia, I danced vis-à-vis to the Emperor, with a young lady for whom his Majesty had at one time a Platonic admiration: indeed he is related to have said to her "*Mademoiselle, l'Impératrice vous trouve trop belle.*"

Curiously enough, an incident occurred on

that night resembling that which happened at the Ball given to celebrate the Marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise. The curtains of the room in which supper was prepared caught fire: and, but for the presence of mind of some French Officers, who happened to be in or near the room, a conflagration might have occurred: or, worse, a fatal panic, such as cost the lives of many on the occasion to which I allude.

THERE WERE of course divided councils as regards the Emperor's action in endeavouring to give to France constitutional liberty. I assume that he was personally the first party who wished to make the experiment: he knew France well enough to be sure that it could only be an experiment.

The reaction against the Revolution of 1789, with its horrors, and its shams; and the reaction against the undisguised despotism of Napoleon I. which followed, made the throne of the astute Louis XVIII.

and even of the bigoted and obstinate Charles X. fairly safe. This reaction had worn out: and the mock freedom, and corrupt constitutional 'Estates' of Louis Philippe, had turned the latter form of Government, which had lasted for eighteen years, into a farce. '*Hommes à moi*,' the list of whom were found in the Tuileries after Louis Philippe's flight, and the well-known corruptibility of many of the so-called 'Representatives of the People,' had shaken the belief, and encouraged the fickleness, of the French.

These were followed by the carnage of June 1848; brought about mainly by the futile efforts, and failure, to organize State-employment for the workmen of Paris.

For a very short time all went well: national workshops were established: every working man had a claim for labour on the State. This state of things, as might have been expected, endured only so long as money was abundant. When the State could no longer afford to pay the workmen,

and by means of constant and lucrative employment to keep them engaged, the halcyon days were over. The king-fisher could no longer build his nest

'On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;'

the winds began to whistle, and the tempests to roar; murmurings were heard; soon followed by a desperate out-break; crushed by the firm hand of a thorough soldier. The most desperate fighting that France has known was in June 1848, when Cavaignac put down with his iron hand, not wearing the silk glove, the uprising of the Parisian workmen. Seven Generals were seen at once lying on the steps of the Madeleine Church, desperately wounded. The Mobile Guards, the very men who had fought against Order in February, had been disciplined in the ranks of Order: and fought with heroic courage against those who endeavoured to sack the Capital.

As the time grew on for a new election for the Presidency, all classes in France

felt that a crisis was inevitable. The flag of the Red Republic existed: though it was not yet waved: the recollections of former blood-shed had not yet faded: and certain French lovers of Order were looking for a Saviour.

Louis Napoleon had manœuvred with consummate skill, so as to make himself inevitable. The force, at least the non-military force, under his influence, although powerful, was not coherent: all his skill was required, and shown, to place that force, civil, and military, in the position of being compelled to support him in his intentions, or to accept a contumelious defeat.

I am willing to give him credit, in acting as he did, for being moved by patriotic intentions. That he had through life dreamed, and cherished the dream, of succeeding to the position of his uncle there can be no doubt: but I believe that, while taking advantage of the falseness and mistaken actions of his adversaries, it was

not a solely personal ambition which actuated him.

He had had ample opportunities of reflecting upon the character of the French People during his long imprisonment in the Castle of Ham: and had studied carefully, and minutely, all the works written by, and recorded of, his Imperial predecessor. At an age when reflection is mature, and general experience of life considerable, he had brought his intellect to dwell upon one subject.

It may be paradoxical, but I may here say that I believe that his dominant characteristic was 'good-nature.' I have related in 'Disraeli and his Day' the remark of Disraeli, when I told him that I had lately had an interview with the deposed Monarch at Chislehurst: I can trace his errors, and his ultimate failing, in a great measure to a genuinely kind-hearted belief in the French people.

It is not easy for a successful candidate after a contested election not to believe that

every man in the town is his friend. His imagination forgets the few enemies which success always brings: this was the feeling which Napoleon III. had towards the French people.

The ejaculation of Napoleon III., made early in his career, impressed thinking minds favourably towards him. On some public occasion he was not well received: he said, addressing the French multitude, "You do not love me now: I will make you love me." Whatever might have been his motives, Napoleon III. showed one marked characteristic. Not altogether diverting his attention from the applause of the upper gallery, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the private-boxes: and in all his actions he showed himself most anxious to win the good opinion of honourable men.

The '*Coup d'Etat*' put an end to the fears of the mass of the French people; and to the hopes of those who were zealously intriguing to bring about a change of dynasty; even by the means of a bloody revolution.

Napoleon III.'s addresses on this and other occasions were marvellously astute: he succeeded in convincing the money-loving and money-making French people that his hand alone would enable them to carry on their various trades and money-earning occupations in safety: that his powerful political organization would stem the tide of Revolution: he convinced them that a man was at length seated on the throne of France who was so able, to use his own simile, to prevent a deluge of Red Republicanism as to compel the rivers of France to remain within their safe borders.

No wiser words were uttered by Monarch than when he told the industrious and intelligent people of his Monarchy, "*Pour l'ordre j'en reponds.*"

He encouraged them in vigorous words to pursue Arts, Manufactures, Commerce: and convinced them that while they were so occupied no enemy, either foreign or domestic, should attack them.

It had been said of him, whether truly

or not I do not know, that on being asked at the 'Army and Navy Club,' "Shall you not find it difficult to rule the French?" "Oh no!" he replied, "nothing is more easy: *Il leur faut une guerre tous les quatre ans.*"

He followed this programme: first attacking Russia, he aided, and was aided by, ourselves. No doubt the close alliance of Britain, if it did not 'wipe out the stain of Waterloo,' went a long way to induce the French to forget it. It established Napoleon III. as one of the fraternity of European Monarchs. Accepted as an equal, and received by the most ancient and most respectable dynasty as a sincere friend, it enabled him to crush for a time the power of the one man who had refused to acknowledge him as a 'brother.'

His war against the Austrians enabled him at length to fulfil his vow as a 'carbonaro' to 'free Italy,' in one sense of the words, 'from the Alps to the Adriatic.'

Through all success he bore himself

calmly and well. He showed consummate tact in dealing with the fastidious Court of Windsor: genuine tears were shed at the departure of himself and his wife from that ancient abode of British Kings. The banner of the Buonapartes was hung in St. George's Chapel: his advent to London was welcomed by enthusiastic acclamations.

It is true that the War in the Crimea terminated at the precise time for his own advantage: the British army was getting on its legs: the early miseries had been remedied: and the thirty thousand men who left the Crimea formed probably the finest army that England has ever possessed: whereas the French army was reduced to almost desperate conditions: twenty-five thousand died after the last shot had been fired.

In the War in North Italy also he stopped in time. He was accused by his insatiable enemies of having, like the witches in Macbeth, 'fulfilled the promise to the ear, and broken it to the hope:' but the words

'from the Alps to the Adriatic' had been well chosen: and the humanity ascribed to him when riding over the field of Solferino was not the sole motive in terminating a successful war. He had received the intimation from Prussia, "Thus far shalt thou go; and no further:" and the somewhat unexpected 'Peace of Villa Franca' was brought about in a great measure by a distinct threat that the Prussian armies would cross the Rhine, if further advances were made against Austria.

As regards Peace in relation to the Pope, Napoleon III. must have found himself in a difficulty. As the guardian of the Pope he occupied the position of 'Eldest son of the Church:' the proud title borne by 'Their Most Christian Majesties,' the Kings of France. On the other hand he appeared to be the one obstacle against a united Italy.

ON THE THIRD OCCASION of a great French war, the red spectre who patronized

Napoleon I. on similar occasions, might have waited upon his nephew: and Wolsey's words might have sounded in his ears;

'And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root.'

The war with Germany of 1870. cannot be imputed absolutely to either of the Powers. Napoleon had abstained from interfering to check Austria and Prussia when attacking Denmark; and he had aided neither, when the two great German powers fought with each other. That Napoleon III.'s conduct in relation to the proposed placing of a Coburg on the throne of Spain was provocative there can be no doubt; but I believe firmly that all could have been arranged, had not the King of Prussia wished for a war with France. It was the best means of consolidating Germany. It united the North Germans in a common cause for the protection of their frontier.

The unity, so brought about, abolished their mutual jealousies; the German mind became bent upon a solid Empire.

It is needless to repeat even in outline the circumstances of France's last great war. Napoleon III. must from the first have had doubts of success. The men in whom he had reposed most confidence, who had helped him to a throne, who had great knowledge of, and great influence with, the French soldier were dead. His own health he knew was precarious.

His taking his son to the seat of war had great effect in France, where the dramatic is always powerful.

Soon after his leaving Paris, with the 'Marseillaise,' played for the first time in his reign, ringing in his ears, the want of power of mobilization in his army became desperately apparent. No doubt the Regiments were, as his Minister of War had assured him, in perfect order: but he must at once have felt that the enormous masses of men to be wielded had not been organized; and

could not be organized with sufficient rapidity to inflict an overwhelming blow upon the enemy.

The condition of health of Napoleon at this time was very bad. Suffering from a most painful complaint, which French tradition has described as the curse of usurpers, of which our Henry V. died, his physical sufferings during his campaign must have been fearful. Mind and body acted upon each other. The acute sufferings of the short and final campaign of Napoleon III. must have equalled the desolate ennui which devoured the exile on the Atlantic rock.

Napoleon III. showed a far loftier spirit.

It must have been a trying moment when the man, 'but yesterday a King,' found himself surrounded by a squadron ironically called a 'Guard of Honour,' leaving France never to return. In all this no weakness was shown. At no time from his fall to his death was weakness nor mean-

ness shown by him: a great actor, he knew how to quit the scene with dignity: his whole conduct to the last, prolonged through trying months and years, was so great in its effect as the folding of his robe by the first Cæsar.

There was no imputation at Sedan of misconduct against his Generals. The utterly false and cruel accusations made after Quatre Bras and Ligny were entirely wanting: he accepted his fate as a philosopher.

Silly and shallow people have spoken as if he should have destroyed himself by rushing on the German bayonets.

Napoleon III. had too manly a character for this. He exposed himself to death for some hours on the field of battle: but he did not 'like the Roman fool, die on his own sword.'

AS REGARDS money matters Napoleon III. showed the greatest punctilio: had he perished in any of his unsuccessful attempts, he would have left no debts behind him.

AS AN ILLUSTRATION of the care which the Emperor wisely took of the interests of foreigners travelling in his dominions, and also of the system of espionage, I relate the following facts.

In the month of August I left Paris for a tour in the Pyrenees. Between Bordeaux, where I had slept, and Tarbes, I remembered afterwards that a man sitting opposite to me, with the appearance of a superior bagman, asked to be allowed to examine the case of the pair of dust-spectacles, which I was wearing to protect my eyes from the black ashes of the engine.

On arriving at the station of Tarbes, about a mile distant from the town, I was surprised by a gendarme asking somewhat peremptorily for my 'papers.' I told him that I was a British subject; and did not require a pass-port. He repeated the request twice. I gave him the same reply. He beckoned to his Serjeant; who told me that I must produce my

pass-port. I gave him the same answer; adding "There is my luggage, bearing my name: there is my servant, whom you can see at once is British: that is ample evidence." He replied very rudely that I was to accompany him. I told him that I did not wish to make a scene of violence: but that I should not go unless force were used. He then tapped me on the shoulder; and I left the railway-station.

In due time we reached Tarbes. I was taken to the house of the *Sous-Préfet;* who possessed a good-looking housemaid.

The *Sous-Préfet*, a young man, was at the Prefecture: thither I was conducted. I entered the large building and found the Official seated at a table in a vast saloon. I at once took a chair; carefully keeping my hat on; and requested to be informed what was the meaning of this behaviour.

The gendarmes, who already appeared somewhat scared, replied that they had

done what they believed to be their duty. The *Sous-Préfet* asked me who, and what, I was. I told him it would require some time to tell: but that I should content myself by saying that I was a *Sous-Préfet* (Deputy-Lieutenant) and a Member of the House of Commons: that if he wanted any more personal information he had better write to the British Ambassador at Paris, with whom I had three nights before dined. I then asked "What is this place called?" He replied, with ill-judged impertinence, "You had better ask the porter at the door."

I told him I should be compelled to state his offensive reply in the *procès verbal*, which I should at once despatch to Lord Cowley: and added that I had acted strictly within French law; for that in the 'Moniteur' I had read that henceforth no British subject travelling in France should be required to produce a pass-port. I said that, considering that I had been led through the streets of Tarbes as a criminal, without the just imputation of any offence, the least thing

he could do would be to order the two gendarmes to accompany me to the Hotel du Soleil, where I intended to lodge. He replied that that was not their business.

After a night's consideration, I wrote to Lord Cowley.

I received in due course a letter from the Emperor's Minister of Finance, M. Achille Fould: he stated that in the absence of his colleagues, the Minister for the Home Department, and the Minister for War, the former the head of the Department of Prefecture through France, the second in command of the Gendarmerie of the Empire, he was acting in their place. He expressed the most heart-felt regret for the treatment to which I had been subjected: and added his personal sorrow that such an event should have occurred within a Department with which he was personally connected: he was for many years Deputy for Tarbes.

Under these circumstances I think that I was right in not proceeding further in the matter.

I was amused during my tour to hear the matter frequently discussed at the various *tables d'hôte:* and to make the matter complete I met one day, on one of the mountain paths of the Pyrenees, the individual who had examined my spectacle-case in the railway carriage. I did not suspect him at the time. I remembered afterwards that he looked very much confused when in conversation I mentioned M. Fould's letter: it was not till some time later that I felt certain, and am still certain, that he was the originator of the affair.

At the period of the Empire everyone who could give information, valuable or not, was either rewarded, or registered as being well-affected towards the Government: no doubt contemptible wretches, such as the man in question, were only too glad by this vile sycophancy to get their names into the category.

Two years later on visiting Tarbes, the heat being intense, I wished to continue my journey from the plain into the mountains:

and intended to start after dinner for Lourdes. I went to the office of the depôt for post-horses. I found the head of the office smoking his cigar in the garden in front of his house. I told him my object: he replied that it was too late; that no horses could be had. I heard the animals inside the adjacent stable: and asked him to enter his parlour, in which a lamp was burning. I then said "I do not know whether you have a personal acquaintance with the *Sous-Préfet:* no doubt you know him officially. I think that if you show him this," laying my visiting-card upon the table, "I shall have so many horses as I require: I wish you good-evening." I walked back to the Hotel. By the time I had changed my dress: and was seated at the *table d'hôte*, I received a note saying that I could at once have whatever horses I required.

There are few characters more offensive than the small French Official. There is but one way to deal with them: to use no

expressions that can be used against you: to be very cool; and perfectly determined: keeping well within the law. There are few cases, where such conduct is followed, in which the British traveller does not get the best of it.

The object of the French policeman does not vary: his purpose in molesting the harmless foreigner is to bring his own name before the Authorities: to append it to a '*procès verbal*': if he can get the words '*trop de zèle*' added he believes himself to be on the high road to fame, and promotion. He fears to insult a native; because the native remains, and may be nasty: but the foreign traveller, here to-day and gone to-morrow, is a safe victim.

Another illustration I may give. Travelling with a relation, we talked freely, but not disrespectfully, of the Emperor.

A few days later, walking in Paris, we met and recognized an individual, our only companion in the railway carriage; he recognized us, and stopping said, "You

will forgive me, Gentlemen, for reminding you that you left a traveller's guide-book in the carriage." I replied "I think not: there were five; and I took them all away." "Oh No! I beg your pardon: you left one. Will you allow me to ask you where you live: and I shall send it." I gave at once our address; but repeated my certainty that we had not left a book behind. When we reached our hotel, we found the guide-books complete. I have no doubt that this individual, like the character in my former story, had repeated our conversation in the proper quarter.

THE ONLY OCCASION on which I met M. Guizot in a small society, was dining with Dr Hawtrey, the Head Master of Eton. My step-father, Sir Ralph Howard, had been his pupil when at Eton: and I, to use a strictly Etonian expression, 'knew him at home.' I used frequently to breakfast with him, nearly every school-time: this hospitality was offered by him and his two elderly

sisters, known among the boys as 'Elephantina' and 'Rhinocerina,' two dear old things, occasionally within a short time of an interview of a totally different description in the 'Library'; so called because there are no books in it: and but one piece of furniture; the use of which every Eton boy, worthy of the name, has thoroughly appreciated.

M. Guizot was a little man, with a thin face, good features, very dark complexion: his hair white at that time; not loquacious, but quick and intelligent in manner. I remember that Lord Castlereagh, later 4th Marquess of Londonderry, proposed that we should drink M. Guizot's health. My stepfather, his cousin, subsequently expressed annoyance at his having done so, for political reasons.

As regards M. Guizot's conduct subsequent to the fall of Louis Philippe, it seems obscure. From his past life, and natural prejudice, he must have inclined to a Constitutional Monarchy, provided that he was

the Prime Minister, and chief or only adviser of the Constitutional Monarch. The President would no doubt have consulted him, if possible; but I should say that M. Guizot did not perceive the dominance which the actual head of the French Republic would in the end acquire.

At the time of the fall of Louis Philippe I had a strong suspicion that it was the result of a clumsily managed conspiracy. The impression on my mind was that, finding that Guizot could not be got rid of by other means, Thiers and Odilon Barrot intended to dislodge the King, and place the boy Prince, his grandson, upon the throne; the Duchess of Orleans being appointed Regent. If this were their traitorous plan, it was demolished by the mob breaking into the Chamber of Deputies, and forcing the Duchess and her son, who stood in the midst of the Members, to leave the building. Sooner or later the truth as to this will probably be known.

ONE OF THE BEST characteristics of Napoleon III. was his eager desire to win the good opinion of those whose good opinion he had sagacity enough to know was worth winning.

I looked upon him, as I looked upon Disraeli, as actors. Such is the fair way to consider those who have occupied their great positions. The inner character of such men cannot be subjected to true criticism: reserve must be one of their necessary characteristics: in the case of these two men, few, if any, can have been able to probe their secret motives, and their personal inclinations. King-craft is an art difficult to judge of: for we have comparatively few examples to study: and no Monarch has hitherto given his contemporaries nor successors the means of judging him as he really was.

THAT THE EMPEROR was personally friendly to us, I have no doubt: had it suited his policy to have broken the political

friendship, I feel sure that he would have done so: but it would have been with reluctance: and, so far as he was concerned, a peace would have been early sought. That he instructed his son, on the other hand, not to quarrel with Britain I feel equally sure. In the difficulties which he must have well foreseen for his heir a serious dispute with us would have been almost fatal.

Previous to sending his son to our British Military School he took the opinions of experienced men as to which was most desirable, as affording an excellent military education, Germany or England. He decided on the latter: his judgment and inclination in this went together.

The question arose as to what the heir to the French Empire when in exile should be called. The final decision was 'Prince Imperial.' I remember an illustrious person saying with some humour, "It would have been impossible to say Napoleon IV. face to the right! or draw your sword!"

The fact of his father's abdication would not prevent him from being a scion of an Imperial family.

Had Napoleon IV. ascended the French throne we should have had, at the least, twenty years of friendly alliance with France. The poor young Prince had all the happy associations of his youth connected with London, and the best British society: his character was one to thoroughly appreciate the highest qualities of the Briton.

THE WISELY DISDAINFUL manner with which Napoleon III. treated Calumny was one more proof of his greatness of mind. After reading the scurrilous attack upon him by Victor Hugo, he quietly remarked, "'*Napoleon le Petit*': *par Victor Hugo le Grand!*" and on being reproached by a subordinate member of the Buonaparte race "*Vous n'avez rien l'Empereur*," he replied, "*Hélas! j'ai sa famille.*"

IT WAS WITH great regret that I found myself unable to be present at a great his-

torical event, the Queen's presence at the Ball given by the Emperor at the Palace of Versailles.

I had an invitation: but I was engaged to pay a visit to Sir William Middleton's house, Shrubland, in Suffolk, and I do not break engagements: it is not easy to fill up a place in a country-house. The party however broke up in time to enable me to be present at a most interesting scene. This was a Review by Her Majesty of the Imperial Army on the sands at Boulogne. Nothing could be more artistic than the arrangements: the tide at low water: a magnificent sunset: several French men-of-war, so near the shore as they could float, thundering occasional salutes: 70,000 men paraded: everything was magnificent. The expression on the Emperor's face on his return after accompanying the Queen on board her vessel was radiant. I could not have believed that his sombre countenance could have lighted up as it did. His delight at having been enabled to receive the most

respectable Monarch in Europe was evidently acute.

THE EMPEROR on being asked how it was that he was so merciful to the sacerdotal party, who had not befriended him in the earlier part of his career, replied "Revenge is a dish that one must eat cold;" using the words as a proverb. Simply translated they make an admirable French line,

La Vengeance est un plat qu'il faut manger au froid.

If this is to be found, I should be glad to hear.

AT THE TIME when I was elected a life-member of the Cercle de l'Union, the 'White's' of Paris, the Club had its habitation at the corner of the Rue de Gramont; a more central, and more amusing locality than its present abode. The looking-glass in the principal room bore a memorandum

of the *Coup d'Etat;* a neatly starred hole, made by a bullet fired through the window, remained as a gentle souvenir.

A British member of the Club had been seated at the time in an armchair reading his newspaper: the bullet passed close to his head, and there were some members of the Club ill-natured enough to express, if they did not feel, a wish that the bullet had diverged slightly from its course.

I WAS PRESENT at the closing of the first Great Exhibition in Paris, in the building which still stands in the Champs Elysées. The Emperor sat on the North side, in the centre of the building, with his principal Officers round him. Lord Hertford, who was one of the British Commissioners of the Exhibition, took part; wearing a very old diplomatic uniform, the Ribbon and Star of the Garter; and round his neck the red ribbon of the Third Class of the Legion of Honour. The building was of course filled. The Emperor read in a perfectly

clear voice the closing harangue. I recall the last words perfectly.

"Let us be great by the arts of Peace, as of War: let us place our confidence in God; to enable us to triumph over the difficulties of the Present, and the Chances of the Future."

The official report bears the final words '*les difficultés du Jour:*' the words used by the Emperor were '*du Present.*'

Strict orders were given that any officer of the 1st Life Guards attending a Review in Paris was to appear in 'Guard Order:' as in 'Review Order' our shabracques bear the word 'Waterloo.'

NAPOLEON III. had no great discrimination in works of Art. In these matters he trusted implicitly to advice. I feel sure that he wished to do all that he could to encourage Art in France. To all artists, plastic and literary, his *accueil* was always most gracious.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that all ambitious men are melancholy: in the three cases of Wellington, Disraeli, and Napoleon III. the saying was, I think, true. The great Duke said "Life has but few enjoyments, even to the best." Disraeli was decidedly sad: Gray's line, describing himself, might certainly have been applicable to one whose career was dazzling in its brilliancy,

'And Melancholy marked him for her own!'

The first Napoleon, from constitutional causes, and a very imperfect digestion, which required the constant stimulus of coffee and snuff, could never have enjoyed the light-heartedness which is worth all earthly success.

DURING THE EMPIRE I occasionally visited the Chamber of Deputies. On the first occasion, having received an Order from the President of the Chamber for the select box, I found myself in a very unselect

company. In a few minutes a huissier arrived with a great many apologies: he showed me into the adjoining box. There I found, the only occupant, the wife of Marshal Canrobert, whom I remembered, when quartered at Windsor, a very pretty girl, with whom I was not acquainted. She spoke with some reserve of the orators of the Chamber: I remember she mentioned Glais-Bizoin, apparently with some apprehension.

I told Madame La Maréchale that she ought to direct her energies to be sent as Ambassadress to London: and pointed out to her that there is no position in the world equal to that of a woman sent as Ambassadress to a country of which she is the native.

Afterwards, wandering through the corridors of the Chamber, I agreed with a friend to point out the Members who resembled in character those of our House of Commons. The best shot, and the one I remember, was that of Cremieux. On

seeing him approach I said 'This is Roebuck.'

I WAS IN PARIS at the time when the Proclamation of the Confiscation of the property of the House of Orleans was made public.

This was wittily said to be '*Le premier vol de l'aigle.*' Many of the best friends of the Emperor, who had supported him in his most adventurous efforts, drew back at this; and openly expressed their opinion that it was a mistake. It seemed to me at the time, and looking back after many years, that their view was right: and I am surprised that so sagacious a man as Napoleon III. should have so acted.

The property of the Princes of the House of Orleans was gigantic; approaching to twelve millions sterling. No doubt this gave them great power. It is true that the Government of Louis XVIII. when he regained the throne of France, confiscated the property of the Buonapartes.

Louis Philippe confiscated the property of the elder branch of his own family: it has been said that the reason of his quitting a very shaky throne was in the dread of his personal property being confiscated by the ensuing Republic.

Putting all these facts on one side of the balance, it still seems to me to have been contrary to the sagacious and cool policy of Napoleon III. I can only suppose that seven years of solitude, seven years of brooding, seven years of misery, had caused the plant Revenge to take deep root in his mind and heart: he had implored permission to visit his dying father; this was refused to him: he had been satirized by the organs of Louis Philippe as a contemptible impostor. No weapon of ridicule had been spared in relation to himself. The contumely of his intellect, utterly undeserved as it turned out to be, must have stung sharply, and deeply. Impostor, rogue, madman, fool, were terms that had been for years liberally applied to him by

the members of the family whom he had not displaced; but who had been driven from the throne of France. One can hardly be surprised that when the hour of retribution arrived, in spite of prudence, he drank the cup of Revenge.

We must remember that the Emperor was a Corsican and that there the spirit of Revenge is proverbially deep. In this case he by no means reduced the Orleans family to poverty: they still had four millions. We must remember that not a shilling of this was appropriated by himself; that it was entirely applied to the pensions of old soldiers; the organization for the relief of the poor; and other objects in themselves beneficent.

I HAVE THE VOLUME which the Emperor was reading at the moment when the King of Prussia called upon him at the Chateau de Belle Vue near Sedan, after his surrender.

Inscribed on the fly-leaves is as follows,

'The Emperor Napoleon was reading this book at the time the Emperor William arrived to have the celebrated interview, after the Battle of Sedan: page 259 having been turned down by Napoleon at the moment that the Emperor William was coming.

(Signed) N. W. J. STRODE.

Presented to M^r Strode by R. H. Armit R.N., Special Correspondent of the 'Manchester Guardian,' during the whole war; with the German H.Q^trs.

ROBT. H. ARMIT.

This volume formed part of the library of Monsieur Amour, Chateau de Belle Vue, near Sedan: and was placed in Napoleon's room while he rested there, during the 2^nd September, 1870. Was presented to me by the Bavarian Officer who is now quartered there this day at the Chateau. Domchery, 8^th September, 1870.

ROBT. H. ARMIT.'

The volume is the '*Essais de Montaigne, Paris. Furne. Quai des Augustins N°* 39, *MDCCCXXXI.*'

On page 259. the following passage from Book II. Chapter 12. was deeply scored by the Emperor. I have retained Montaigne's quaint spelling. The passage previous to this is on the subject of the Immortality of the Soul, which Cicero describes as 'Rem gratissimam promittentium, magis quam probantium.'

'*Deux choses leur rendoient cette opinion plausible: l'une, que sans l'immortalité des ames il n'y auroit plus de quoy asseoir les vaines esperances de la gloire, qui est une consideration de merveilleux credit au monde; l'aultre, que c'est une tres utile impression come dict Platon, que les vices, quand ils se desroberont de la veue et cognoissance de l'humaine justice, demeurent tousiours en butte à la divine, qui les poursuivra; voire aprez la mort des coulpables. Un soing extreme tient l'homme d'alonger son estre: il y a prouveu par toutes ses pieces, et pour la con-*

servation du corps sont les sepultures; pour la conservation du nom, la gloire : il a employé toute son opinion à se rebastir, impatient de sa fortune, et à s'estansonner par ses inventions.'

SOON AFTER the Franco-German War I met Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, near the Guards' Memorial in Pall Mall.

He said to me, "Do you remember a conversation which we had at Brighton some time ago?" I said "Perfectly: it was opposite to Eastern Terrace." "Do you remember your prophecy?" "Yes: I told your Excellency that you were going to have a great war with France; in order to consolidate Germany into an Empire. I remember that your Excellency and the Ambassadress spoke in German. I was walking between: and that Madame Bernstorff spoke of Bismark as 'von Bismark.' I think that my prophecy was a true one."

Count Bernstorff replied "Perfectly

true. Do you remember your second prophecy?" "I do not." "You turned to me and said, 'I shall see your Excellency wearing "the Black Eagle."' I was invested this morning," pointing to his house, close by, "by the Imperial Prince."

I added, "You see what a useful thing it is to have a friend gifted with second sight." The Ambassador answered, "I assure you that both your prophecies I considered equally impossible."

THE LAST OCCASION on which I saw Napoleon III. was a few months before his death: he was good enough to let me know through the Duke of Bassano that he would see me on an afternoon named. On reaching Chislehurst I was ushered into the long corridor which runs the length of the house by a certainly ill-dressed servant: there the Duke of Bassano met me; and at once led me into the principal drawing-room; where the Emperor was seated: he shook hands; and motioned me to a chair: we sat for half

an hour at a buhl table: he spoke on general topics. I, of course, was unable by etiquette to ask him questions: but so far as I was able I endeavoured to lead to interesting matters.

The Emperor spoke to me of the bull-fights, which I have mentioned, when he was living at the Villa Eugenie, at Biarritz; and said "What events have occurred in France since that time!" He spoke of the changes which had taken place in England, and I alluded to our Revolution of 1867.

I remarked that we had passed through in 1832. and 1867. nearly so great a change as France had in 1789. and subsequent years. The Emperor said, and repeated several times, "Oh! you have so much good sense: you have so much good sense! you cannot be destroyed."

I suggested that low wages, and empty stomachs, were formidable rivals to good sense. However he seemed to hold to his opinion. I suggested that our building our Parliament House close to the river, and our

objection to a predominance of lawyers in the House of Commons had tended to our durability. This remark appeared to please him: he said more than once "What sagacity! what sagacity! Oh, what sagacity!" and I think expressed some wish that the French people had done the same.

Speaking of the Republic, I said, "Your Majesty left them too rich: they can dispense with you for a time: but only for a time:" he replied "Yes! the Republic of '48. was bankrupt."

I did my best to lure the Emperor to express an opinion on Lord Beaconsfield: the Imperial countenance clouded over at once: I suggested that the Emperor had met him frequently at Lady Blessington's receptions at Gore House in former days: at last Napoleon III. said "I am told that he speaks well." What Lord Beaconsfield said of Napoleon III. I have related in "Disraeli and his Day:" I saw him soon after my interview.

One fact in the conversation impressed

me deeply. I did not make the remark with a view to observing the effect; indeed I was not looking at the Emperor at the moment; I spoke of the British democracy in whose hands the Reform Bill of 1867. placed us: and made the remark that those who did not know Britain so well as his Majesty supposed that the British democracy were money-loving and peace-loving: that this to a great extent was true: that they had an eye to their own interests; but that they were by no means peace-loving. I meant to express that the British voters of the future would be 'sudden and quick in quarrel;' and quite ready to take offence; ready to go to war without adequate means or motive: but that what I dreaded was that they would be too anxious to leave off, either after a defeat, or, more probably, after a victory. To other remarks he had acquiesced or demurred; but when I used these words he held his breath: it was easy to see that he was registering them in his mind.

Reflecting on the conversation afterwards I thoroughly made up my mind that in case of his return to the throne he would have turned his mind to an attack upon this Empire: not in the least from any personal feeling against us; but from the feeling that it was the one card which he had left; and that if successful in some small thing, such as the capture of Saint Helena, or an enlargement of France's small possessions in Hindostan, he would offer to shake hands: contented with this success against ourselves. At the same time I felt sure, and still feel sure, that his daily advice to his son was, and would be, "Do not quarrel with England." Napoleon III. knew well from living amongst us our power, and our will to use it when necessary: he could have had no illusions on the subject: but I have no doubt that he would have liked to have written on his tombstone, 'Napoleon III. did what Napoleon I. could never do: obtained a success against Britain.'

I alluded to the Prince Imperial whom I

had seen twice: at a lecture at the Royal Institution; and later at a reception at the Foreign Office. The Emperor brightened up; and seemed very much pleased at my description of the Imperial Prince. I did not know him: but I observed that he seemed a high-bred gentleman, full of life and intelligence, capable of making friends, and wishing to do so: and added "With quite enough of the gamin in him to please the Parisians."

In the course of conversation I said with perfect truthfulness, "I am no courtier, Sire, I do not pay compliments: but I am convinced that, barring the accidents of time and health, I shall see your Majesty in Paris."

At the expiration of half-an-hour the Emperor stood up; and held out his hand. Before leaving the room I said, "You probably do not remember, Sire, that I had a letter of personal introduction to you when you were President by M^rs^ Rowles." He said at once, "She was a great friend of

mine. I used to be here frequently in former years." Camden House was the home of M^r and M^rs Rowles for some years.

Frequently as I had seen the Emperor, I never saw him look in better health, nor more cheerful in every way than on that afternoon.

At Chislehurst, as at the Tuileries, and at the Villa Eugenie, the rooms were well furnished: but bore no trace whatever of a love for Art, nor for beautiful things. The house excellent: well situated; and the apartments exceptionally handsome.

THE ABODE of so interesting a character has an interest in itself. After the Emperor's death I paid a visit to Camden House. My motive in going there was not only to see again the residence of so remarkable a man, but also to explore the scene of an awful tragedy, which had occurred immediately before its occupation by M^r and M^rs Rowles.

I drove through the beautiful lanes and

suburban towns of North Kent on a tolerably fine afternoon. Camden Place originated with Camden, the Antiquary and in 1765. was sold by Pratt, Lord Camden.

Later it was purchased by M^r^ Thomson Bonar, who had made a large fortune in the City, and was connected with the Russian Trade. Immediately after the event which I am about to narrate, the place was bought by M^r^ and M^rs^ Rowles, of Stratton Street, to whom the late Emperor of the French was a frequent visitor.

On Sunday evening, the 30^th^ of May, 1813. M^r^ Bonar, the wealthy proprietor of Camden Place, went to bed at his usual hour. M^rs^ Bonar did not follow him till two o'clock. No disturbance was heard during the night. At seven the next morning the maidservant, whose duty it was to call her mistress, on opening the door of the spacious bedroom, still the principal sleeping-room of the house, found that the toilet-table and other articles of furniture, were upset, and strewed over the carpet.

Returning downstairs she called another maidservant; and together they entered the room. The first thing visible was the dead body of M^r^ Bonar, a tall and powerful man of seventy years of age. The next object was the person of M^rs^ Bonar, still in her bed; but desperately wounded. The respective beds of M^r^ and M^rs^ Bonar, placed side by side, were drenched in blood. Blood was on the walls and carpet, and the mark of a bloody footstep was conspicuous in the small room that leads to the large bedroom. M^r^ Bonar's nightcap, with a lock of his grey hair sticking to it, lay at some distance from his body; having apparently been struck from his head by a blow from the poker, which lay on the floor not far from him. His hands were dreadfully mangled; he had received a most violent blow across the nose, and across the knees: and the pillow, with which he appears to have attempted to defend himself, was lying close by, also covered with blood. M^rs^ Bonar, though not actually dead, expired

in the course of a few hours. During this time she was unconscious: and only uttered the words once, "Oh! dear."

The footman, Philip Nicholson, an Irishman who had formerly served in the 12th Dragoons, was despatched to London for the assistance of Mr Astley Cooper, and was ordered to communicate with Mr Angerstein, Mr Bonar's partner. At seven in the evening Mr Bonar, jun., who was serving as Colonel with his Regiment, the local Militia of Kent, arrived at the house, exclaiming, "Let me see my father! Indeed I must see him!" He burst into the bed-chamber, and locked the door after him. After some time, fearing for his safety, the door was broken open. He was found kneeling with clasped hands over the body of his father.

No part of the house had been broken into. The front door was unclosed. Some of the shutters below stairs were also open. The only marks of blood, except in the bedroom, were a few drops in the anteroom. No motive was apparent for the

deed: and it was clear that no robbery had been committed, nor, apparently, attempted. M^r and M^rs Bonar were persons of proverbial benevolence; and much beloved in their neighbourhood.

A butler of the name of Dale had been discharged for misconduct a fortnight before. M^rs Bonar had wished him to be prosecuted, but M^r Bonar was content to dismiss him. The servant, Philip Nicholson, proceeded to London, and, having intimated to M^r Astley Cooper that he was wanted at Camden Place, he proceeded to 'The Red Lion,' near Bethlehem Hospital. Here he saw the discharged butler, Dale, to whom he used these words, "The deed is done; you are suspected; but you are not in it." Leaving Dale, he proceeded to the police office at Bow Street. Here he gave information of the murder; adding that he had seen Dale at 'The Red Lion.' His insinuations induced the Bow Street officers to go after Dale.

Dale, in consequence of what was said by

Nicholson, underwent an examination before the magistrates. He was fortunately able to prove that he was at 'The Red Lion' from eleven o'clock on Sunday evening till six on Monday morning. He was released. From his manner and conduct, suspicion then fell upon Philip Nicholson, the Irish servant; and, a warrant having been issued by the Lord Mayor, he was at length found, on horseback, not having returned to Chislehurst, drinking at the door of the 'Three Nuns,' in Whitechapel. A scuffle, apparently provoked by himself, in which he received some bruises, ensued. He was conveyed to the Giltspur Street Compter.

In the life of Sir Astley Cooper, the great Surgeon, the intimate friend of the murdered Bonar, who was immediately sent for, a curious incident is mentioned in relation to the crime.

A gentleman named Tyrrell, with whom Nicholson had lived, who believed in his innocence, called at the Compter prison. He was accompanied by the Governor of

the gaol to the cell of the accused man. Whilst speaking to him, a little black and dun terrier placed its forepaws on the prisoner's knees, and began to lick his breeches, which were of some dark coloured velveteen: they were examined; and on the front of each thigh were found stains of blood. The Governor remarked to Mr Tyrrell that his dog was 'a sagacious little fellow:' to which he replied that he had never seen the dog before. No one could make out how the dog could have got into the prison: no one there owned him; and strict orders were on the gates excluding all dogs. In the evening Mr Tyrrell sent to the prison: saying that he would keep the dog. The intelligent animal, however, had disappeared: and was never seen again.

Being brought before the Lord Mayor the next day at the Mansion House, Nicholson declared that he had gone to bed about twelve o'clock on the night of the murder; and knew nothing, until called by the housemaid at eight the next morning. He

declared that he had fastened some of the windows inside at the usual hour; the rest were attended to by the housemaid.

It appeared that on the murder being discovered, and the servants assembled, he, with the others, went to the room where his master and mistress lay. He placed his ear to the mouth of his mistress, and declared that she still lived; he then took the sheets from his master's and mistress's beds; and with them wiped the floor, which was in the state described. He then took the linen to the room where he slept; and having wrapt the sheets in the sheets from his own bed, hid the bundle underneath it. On being asked by the Lord Mayor for his motives for doing this, he said it was to hide so unpleasant and horrid a sight. On being asked as to a footmark in blood on the stairs leading from the scene of the murder to his own room, he declared that it must have arisen from his carrying the sheets covered with blood down the stairs. It was, however, pointed out to him that the

mark was found there before he had removed the sheets. As regards the bruises found on his person he declared that those came from the scuffle with the City officer. It appears that on the road to London he had taken a dram at several places. The coroner's inquest held on the bodies found a verdict of wilful murder against Nicholson. He was visited by the neighbours, including Lord Castlereagh, Lord Camden, and Lord Robert Seymour. The next incident that occurred was an attempt at suicide on the part of the prisoner. Being a catholic he was visited by M^r^ Bramston, a priest; and on Tuesday morning, the 8^th^ of June, he confessed in the presence of Colonel Bonar, and signed a statement, that he was the murderer. On being asked where he had put the clothes which he had worn, he said outside the house, near the front door. The clothes were found, covered with leaves, on the spot indicated; his shirt being torn to rags, no doubt in the struggle with his victim. Nicholson was tried at the

Maidstone Assizes next following for '*Petty Treason;*' the Indictment differing from a common Indictment for Murder by averment that Nicholson, being a servant of M^r^ Bonar, had *traitorously*, as well as feloniously, murdered his master. He pleaded on the trial 'not guilty,' and formal evidence was therefore necessary.

After Nicholson's confession, corroborated by circumstances, the evidence given by servants was of no great importance. It appeared that his shoes, on which were blood, were odd ones; and one of each pair was found in a wood-closet. The instrument with which the crime was committed was the poker of the servants' hall; about 2 f^t^. 4 in. long. The declaration of Nicholson, in essential particulars, was as follows.

I believe the tale, though extraordinary, to be a true one.

He said that he, Philip Nicholson, to clear the innocence of others, and tell the truth of himself, states that he committed the murder. Asked whether he had ac-

complices, he replied, "No, sir. I would tell you if I had. I did not know it myself five minutes before." He declared that after the groom had left him at twelve o'clock he was perfectly sober; and fell asleep on a bench in the servants' hall, where his bed was; that he woke about three o'clock, and felt a sudden and uncontrollable impulse to murder his master and mistress. He wrapt a sheet round him in order that he might not be recognized, and, arming himself with the poker, which was lying in the grate, went upstairs. On entering the room he struck M^rs^ Bonar first—she uttered no sound; he then walked round to the other bed, and struck M^r^ Bonar a violent blow. Roused by the blow, M^r^ Bonar, supposing that it was his wife who had entered the room, uttered a few words to her. On another blow being given he sprang from the bed, and grappled with his dastardly assailant. A struggle of the most violent kind ensued: the brutal murderer striking his master with the poker re-

peatedly. After an encounter of fifteen minutes Mr Bonar became exhausted, and, to use Nicholson's words, "I left him groaning on the floor."

Then, leaving the room, he endeavoured to destroy the traces of the crime on his own person by washing himself at the sink in the offices, opening the front door and the shutters, in order to misdirect suspicion. He then went to bed, but not to sleep; and remained there until called in the early morning.

This statement had been made after his attempted suicide; and under the belief that he was about to die. It was clear that he had made no attempt at robbery; and in a further declaration Nicholson said, "The idea of plunder never presented itself to my mind. I can attribute these unnatural murders to no other cause than a temporary fury through excessive drinking." Colonel Bonar, the son of murdered parents, never, so far as was permitted, lost sight of their murderer. He was either on the scaffold,

or close to it, when Nicholson was executed at Maidstone.

While the cord was round the neck of the criminal, he was asked whether he had any accomplices. He distinctly stated that he had not. In reply to a question, he said, "There is no creature living on the earth who had anything to do with the murder but myself." Asked, "Had you any antipathy to your master or mistress before you committed the murder?" he replied, clasping his hands together as well as his heavy irons would permit him, "As God is in heaven, it was a momentary thought; as I have declared before."

THE THOROUGH appreciation of Emile Augier, one of the noblest and wisest Dramatists and Philosophers whom France has produced, is a clear indication of Napoleon III.'s intellectual capacity. To have seen his Dramas played by Regnier, at the Théâtre Français, reconciled one to existence.

ON ENTERING LONDON, crossing Trafalgar Square, when passing Lord Nelson's column, Napoleon III. rose in the carriage, and saluted the Great Admiral: an act utterly above the apprehension of the lookers-on. Every sort of idiotic lie was uttered, as an explanation of this chivalrous act: Philistinism declared that the Emperor had heard that he was to be killed on that spot!

I WAS WELL ACQUAINTED with one of the Emperor's most faithful and persistent friends, who from time to time informed me of facts which he had good means of knowing.

M. C. whose 'limited service,' not menial, it was to attend the Emperor daily, awoke him on the morning of the attempt at Strasburg, and on the morning after the fatal day of Sedan.

On the establishment of the Empire M. C. who had married an Englishwoman of comely appearance, was enabled to form a

magnificent establishment, forming part of the ground floor of the original Hotel du Louvre, in the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris.

M. C. told me several years before the cataclysm of the Empire that things were going badly. I asked him "Why?" He replied "Socialism in the Army."

I asked him whether, when he entered the Emperor's bedroom on the morning after Sedan, the Emperor was asleep: he said "He appeared so." By the side of his bed was Lord Lytton's novel, 'The Last of the Barons,' which he had probably found in the library of the Chateau.

I did not, of course, from a feeling of delicacy, ask him many questions as to the idiosyncrasies of his master: but I remember him telling me that the Emperor detested 'phrase-makers.' This confirmed my view of the Emperor's character, that he thoroughly appreciated honesty.

M. C. gave me an interesting account of the Emperor's first hearing of the fall of his Empire. By surrendering his sword at

Sedan he thereby abdicated all political power: and judiciously left the King to deal with the Regent Empress in Paris. He was removed to Wilhelmshohe by the Belgian Railway, and on the train stopping for water at Verviers he heard for the first time that his dynasty was deposed. A newspaper boy on the platform was shrieking "*Chute de l'Empire! Fuite de l'Impératrice.*" It was thus that the Third Napoleon heard that his race for a time ceased to rule France.

M. C. leaving his own seat approached the window of the Emperor's carriage. He said "My wife, Sire, and my children are in Paris. Will your Majesty give me permission to return there?" The Emperor replied, "Certainly: I hope that we shall soon meet again in happier circumstances."

IN NOTHING did Napoleon III. show more greatness than after his Fall. The history of Napoleon I. at Saint Helena is a record of querulous, unphilosophical, irritability. Unlike the first Cæsar, he knew

not how to die with dignity. An opportunity was afforded him, and, with his strong sense of the dramatic, it is remarkable that he did not use it, having proved to the world his marvellous skill as a General, a Statesman, and a Diplomatist, of leaving behind him the record of the last years of a Philosopher. He did nothing of the sort.

For the many deeds in his career, which he must have known required explanation to the minds of honest, honourable, and wise men, he left no, or little, excuse. His life at Saint Helena has been recorded by those friendly to him, and who were evidently, and naturally, impressed by the vast intellect of the man to whom fate had given them peculiar propinquity: but not one of the records of the closing Act of the great Drama, in which Napoleon I. was the principal actor, show him to have been great. Querulous complaints, relating to the details of the necessary watchfulness of his person, and a general pettiness in his behaviour afford melancholy proofs of this,

in the sense in which the word is understood by the loftiest, and most honourable, minds.

The disease from which he suffered, hereditary in his family, and of which he related that his father had died, may have been to some extent the cause of the peevishness which he displayed. One would fain hope that his legacy to the intended assassin of Wellington, which I read in his own hand-writing, when his will was at Doctors' Commons, must have been caused by the irritability of his system at the time: but his illness was not of a character over which real greatness of mind would not have triumphed. No one can study his life attentively from the beginning to the end without feeling certain that the elements of real greatness were wanting.

His cruel and absolutely false imputations on those who had served him bravely and faithfully can never be forgiven. His cruel denunciation of Grouchy at Waterloo, and his absolutely and intentionally false abuse of Ney at Quatre Bras, who jeopardized his

life, and sacrificed his honour in his cause, can never be effaced.

My readers should contrast with this the conduct of Napoleon III. When in the last throes of agony at Sedan, when he knew that his last hour as a Sovereign was approaching, he performed none of the dastardly tricks of Napoleon I. Had the latter been in his place he would undoubtedly have attributed the annihilation of the French military power to his Generals: he would have proclaimed to France that the capture of Sedan, and the surrender of the Army, were due to the imbecility, if not the cowardice, of Marshal MacMahon or General Wimpfen: he would have told a story, utterly regardless of facts, to endeavour to persuade the French nation that everyone was to blame but himself: he would have declared to the French people that his orders had been disobeyed: that a scheme of consummate skill had been arranged by himself; but that his Generals had failed to carry out the scheme; and had disobeyed

his orders: in short he would have done everything which a consummate charlatan could have conceived.

Napoleon III. did nothing of the sort. Having been instructed from Paris by those whom he had left in authority that his return, unless victorious, was impossible, he moved to the West, to Sedan; making, as I believe, the mistake of supposing that this fortress was much larger than it is. Instead of preserving his army within the walls, he found it was absolutely necessary to fight on the plain outside.

As regards that portion of the army which was within the walls of Sedan, it is recorded that, entering the principal barracks, and addressing the soldiers, he proposed, should it be thought desirable by their Generals, to lead them through the gates of the town in a desperate attempt to force their way through the enemy. To anyone who has visited Sedan, and observed the size of the gates, such an attempt would have been more than desperate: the narrow

causeways which lead through the walls of this very old fortress could be blocked absolutely by two field-pieces in front of either gate. For a column of men to force their way out would have been impossible.

But far greater than the personal courage which induced him to expose his life for many hours, whilst suffering from an intensely painful malady, was the exceptional heroism which induced his last act.

Had a small mind been his, he could easily have made the final act appear that of the Officer commanding the Army. It would have rung through France that Wimpfen had hoisted the flag of surrender at Sedan. So far from thus acting, Napoleon III. sent his personal aide-de-camp to hoist the white flag on the Citadel: thus putting a stop to the absolutely useless slaughter of the French soldiers. He must have known at the time the risk that he ran by this act for the future of his dynasty.

Ultimately, when it is to be hoped that

Justice will be done to all those who have been deeply wronged, this act will be appreciated as a true deed of greatness.

I KNOW that Napoleon III. on his return to those in whose hands he had placed the responsibility of Government when leaving Paris for the fatal campaign, never, from the first to his last hour, uttered one word of blame in relation to their conduct. Whether that conduct was wise or not no one can judge who is not thoroughly acquainted with the reasons, many of them occult, which led to it. He possessed sufficient philosophy, and strength of mind, not to throw blame upon those who were the participators in a possibly inevitable cataclysm. The greatest forbearance, the greatest gentleness, were shown throughout by the Emperor: and no word of reproach at any time escaped his lips.

I VISITED SEDAN not long after the conclusion of the Franco-German War. The

first thing that struck me about the place was the small space within the walls. I visited the Chateau de Belle Vue, in which Napoleon slept the night after the battle: a modern villa. Also the room in the weaver's house at Domchery, from which he surrendered his person. As described to me by the occupants of the cottage, he sat for some time with his elbows on the table, in silence. General Ney once or twice looked into the room: seeing the Emperor abstracted, he said nothing. Over the chimney-piece were the three gold pieces: one bearing his own 'picture in little': which, on leaving the cottage, he had desired General Ney to give to the occupants.

From the door of this building Belgium can be seen. It must have tried many a brave soul on that bloody day, to know, when looking towards those grass hills, that almost within rifle-shot safety might be had: but could not be reached.

It seemed strange that the scene of such

a tremendous event should be so little altered: the weaver and his wife continued their usual occupation: and, with the exception of the mounds, in which the driver of my carriage was careful to tell me only horses had been interred, no trace could be found of the engagement.

I observed on the blanket of my bed in the Inn at Sedan unquestionable spots of blood: a circumstance which I related, on leaving, to an old lady who sat next to me at the table d'hôte: this appeared to create in her great consternation: and she spoke of leaving the hotel at which she had just arrived. I declined to give her the number of my room: and I hope that she was no worse for my information.

I also visited the ruined village of Gravelotte, reduced to almost complete ruin. A little circumstance occurred there which impressed me more than, perhaps, it ought. I found a family of a grandmother, her daughter, and grandchildren in a half-destroyed abode: they described the

horrors of the winter which they had passed in their crushed dwelling. From a feeling of kindness, wishing to do them some good, I asked them if there was anything they would like to sell as a relic of the Battle: they produced a half-calcined coffee-pot: I put down on the table a gold ten-franc piece: and I confess that it gave me a pang when each member of the family took it up, examined it, and shook her head. I assume that it was a coin they had not before seen. I left the house with a stinging sense of the utter incapacity to appreciate disinterested kindness on the part of the greater portion of human beings. It is only fair to say that a child pursued me with the lid of the coffee-pot; and murmured something which was, I suppose, meant for gratitude: they having discovered the value of this not very uncommon coin.

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT, that the Emperor intended to return to Paris. The

popular idea was that his ambition was only for his son: no doubt this would be his ultimate object; but he was too sagacious not to know that the best method of ensuring his throne for his heir would be to regain it in the first instance for himself.

THE SERIES of painful operations which the Emperor went through were not necessary to preserve his life: the sufferings which he endured during the fatal battle of Sedan continued at intervals during his exile. They were performed entirely in consequence of the necessity, not of course expressed by him to his Surgeons, of riding back to Paris at the head of his Army.

Everything had been arranged for his return. He said "I cannot walk back at the head of an Army: it would have a still worse effect to enter Paris in a carriage: it is absolutely necessary that I should ride:" it was to enable him to

do this that he submitted to the operations which cost him his life.

As regards his projected return, I had the following from a person who had the best possible means of knowing the facts: he was to have supplied a large sum of money to the enterprise. I related what I had heard to a person holding a very high official position in a distant country. The latter said to me "Your information is perfectly correct:" he added "I was to have played a somewhat conspicuous part in the drama."

During the time the Emperor resided at Chislehurst he was only on horseback three times; once for a military inspection of the troops from Woolwich. On the last occasion on which he rode the effect upon him was so bad that he did not again remount a horse.

The ailment from which the Emperor suffered was of a serious kind: but such as has been borne by many men without fatal result: but to produce an effect on the

French people it was, as he wisely said, absolutely necessary to appear in all the

'Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War.'

Upon this he staked everything: his last card was fatal.

SINCE THE DEATH of Napoleon III. I have ascertained the following facts. Not only was his return to Paris intended, but every detail had been arranged.

A private yacht was to be used to land the Emperor at some port undetermined: in the Northern corner of France; or possibly in Belgium.

I had this from the proprietor of the yacht, the late James Ashbury: he had more than once mentioned the circumstance to me: and he repeated it the evening before his death.

Landing secretly, the arrangement was that the Emperor should proceed at once to the camp at Châlons, where forty or

fifty thousand men were assembled for the purpose of manœuvre: declaring himself, he was to head this Army, and march at once upon Paris.

I WAS IN PARIS when the return of the Comte de Chambord, as King of France, was expected.

The real history of this contemptible fiasco has yet to be learned. The Proclamation put out by the Count de Chambord is too childish to have been earnest: after professing during his whole life that he was the only legitimate Sovereign of France, when an admirable opportunity occurred, when his rivals were discounted, and when the French, looking for a Ruler of some sort, were prepared to receive him, 'the only legitimate monarch' throws down his cards; and disappears from the scene.

The silly stuff of 'Henry the Fifth' and 'The White Flag' must have sickened his supporters. With ordinary good sense he would have seated himself on the throne,

without saying a word as to the flag which he intended to hoist: the flag, which he should properly and prudently have hoisted, should have been the heraldic flag of the France of this century; the Tricolor: the white, central, part being sprinkled, or, what heralds call *semé* of '*Fleurs de Lys*.' This would have been accepted as a wise and conciliatory concession to France herself: it would have been in heraldry strictly correct. The personal arms of the individual representing a Dynasty are always displayed on the National Flag. The King of Greece when placed on the throne depicted the arms of his native Bavaria on an 'escutcheon of pretence' in the centre of the National flag. The arms of the House of Hohenzollern were so placed on the Imperial flag of united Germany: the arms of the House of Savoy were so emblazoned on the tricolor of Italy. In former years the golden bees of the Buonapartes had been shown on the tricolor: and the substitution for these of

the '*Fleurs de Lys*' would have satisfied everyone.

With very little management, and an apparent unwillingness to force the 'White Flag' in any way upon the French people, nothing would have been easier than to set the fashion of 'White' in Paris, and elsewhere: as at the time of the First Restoration, White would very soon have become the fashionable dress of Paris: the ladies of the *beau monde*, the Duchesses who were vowed to the old dynasty, would have worn White: the priest party would have supported it: the toy shops would have teemed with little white flags; and not a child in the Garden of the Tuileries but would have waved one in honour of the new King.

M^R^ GEORGE HUDSON, the railway king, on our hearing at the Carlton Club of the failures of Worth and Reichshofen, said to me, with a compliment which I do not quote, "Sir William, what will be the

terms?" I replied, "An indemnity, and Strasburg."

A few days later my brother introduced me to a friend who had served in the Cavalry in these disastrous battles: he was a particularly gentlemanlike young man: he asked me what I thought of the situation: I asked him two questions, "Will your National Guard in Paris fight?" "Against the mob, Yes." "Will they fight against the Germans?" "I think not." "Then you had better tell your friends to make peace to-morrow."

Had real Statesmanship been shown in France, half her disasters might have been spared: thousands of lives would have been saved: and the great fortress of Metz would not have passed to the enemy.

NAPOLEON III. would never have committed the foul crime, and hideous blunder, of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. It surprises me that historians can have disputed or doubted the motive of Napoleon I.

in this act of infamy. I have no doubt that his object in committing the crime was to convince the Republican Party in France that he could not thereafter restore the Sovereignty to the House of Bourbon: it was the conviction of a large number of the Republican Party that Napoleon was playing his part with a view to the restoration of the Bourbons. It was to render this impossible that he perpetrated an act hardly to be surpassed in the annals of crime.

SOON AFTER my first election to the House of Commons I happened to enter a shop at the corner of Lombard Street, after a visit to my Bankers, for some light refreshment. By mere accident I found a greasy copy of a West of England newspaper. The Editor had devoted two columns to a comparison between myself and the newly-elected Emperor of the French. The asserted resemblance between the proclamations of Napoleon III. and

those of the humble individual who writes this book were most diverting.

The only thing which struck me as being an honest comparison was a certain banner, which I always had carried before me on two poles, on which were blazoned in large gold letters the words 'Fraser the Freeman's Friend.' I have always been a staunch believer in

'Apt Alliteration's Artful Aid.'

Alliteration's always an ally.

I WISHED TO SEE those who had played a conspicuous part in the great drama of 1870: an opportunity came at the meeting of the three Emperors at Berlin.

I was at Homburg-ès-Monts at the time: I travelled four hundred miles to Berlin, and four hundred miles back; and considered myself repaid for the journey. The City was full of the brilliant Staffs that had accompanied the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and of those of the Military Household of the new Kaiser. I had many

opportunities of observing the appearance and demeanour of the principal actors of the play, upon which the curtain had fallen not long before.

I witnessed a remarkable scene when the German Emperor brought from the railway station in his droschski the Emperor of Austria. I could hardly have believed that any countenance could express the delight which the Emperor William displayed. Whilst the Emperor of Austria, on his right, was saluting the multitudes which cheered him, the German Kaiser looked as if his happiness was far beyond conception. He felt no doubt on that day that he was accepted in the brotherhood of Emperors. The Emperor of Russia represented a dynasty of yesterday: but that the descendant of the Cæsars should visit him, and embrace him as a brother, was indeed a recognition to be proud of.

I carefully observed the various manners in which the principal actors returned the salutations of those whom they met in the

streets of Berlin. I do not hesitate for a moment in saying that the one who transcended all in this respect was Bismarck. Moltke's appearance was more dignified: stiff; impassive; with a deep-thinking countenance, and regular features; he was quick in returning salutes; but did so mechanically; with a peculiar gesture; touching his helmet above the peak; a sort of combination of the military salute and kissing the hand: he did not show the least emotion. Bismarck on the contrary gave you the impression that you were the one individual whose recognition gratified him: the expression on his face was as if he would wish you to believe that, whereas honours had accumulated upon him, titles, decorations, and wealth, all were insignificant compared to the salute which you had just offered.

Bismarck's dress, whether in the uniform which he usually wore, or in plain clothes, was badly made. I saw him in plain clothes during the few days I was at Gastein. The

only man whom I have ever seen resembling Bismarck in dress was Dr Hawtrey, for many years Head-master and Provost of Eton. He usually wore a black frock-coat, with velvet collar, ill-fitting black trousers, too tight, and a rather badly brushed hat.

A Grand Review for the three Emperors was held on the Plain of Tempelhof. There was a splendid display of Horse, Foot, and Artillery. The Infantry seemed to me to be very good: but I was more impressed with the Cavalry: each man and horse seemed part of the same perfect machine. I never saw mounted soldiers more practical in appearance.

The march-past was never ending: the three Emperors with the respective Officers of their Staff of about three hundred, covered with Stars and Ribbons were a dazzling sight. I noticed a large number of Cossacks wearing a sort of crimson long shirt, with a girdle at the waist. Most of these wore an infinite number of small

medals, not larger than a fourpenny piece, pendant to narrow ribbons.

I watched the Regiments march past for upwards of two hours; the heat was scorching; and it was with surprise and pride that I observed our military representative, Lord Strathnairn, sitting on his horse, very much as he now does near Albert Gate, apparently unconscious of the more than tropical temperature of that day.

I waited with curiosity to observe whether, among the many Marches played, the one so well known to our grandmothers when children, 'The Fall of Paris,' from the 'Battle of Prague,' would occur. It came at last.

After some time Bismarck fell out of the Imperial line, and, while talking to some ladies in a carriage, was eating a sandwich. In a few minutes an English Member of Parliament, like myself, came up to him and spoke for ten minutes or so; being obviously on easy terms: the M.P. was known, and with very good cause, as 'The

Pious Fraud.' He spoke to me: I said, "I have come four hundred miles: this is the one chance in life I shall have of being presented to Bismarck:" the little snob turned away with the words, "Quite out of the question."

Soon after this I returned to Berlin; the Review not being nearly over: here one of those incidents occurred that

'Urge the lingering tide of Life.'

The road from the Tempelhof to Berlin is precisely like the deep cutting of a railway: the banks on either side were closely covered with people awaiting the return of the three Emperors.

Soon after leaving the Review-ground three men took post, two on the right of my droschski, and one on the left: each put one dirty paw on to the edge of the carriage; with the other gesticulating, and pointing to myself, whilst uttering detrimental remarks in relation to my country. Whenever they became particularly offensive their words

were followed by loud cheering. I continued, of course, to take no notice; affecting to read my 'Pall Mall Gazette' as if unconscious of their brutal proceedings. When I got within the gates of the town I observed among the groups scattered in the open space several gigantic 'blue-bottles,' forming the Police of Berlin: these men are of enormous stature, all I believe old soldiers; and so far as I observed of ferocious conduct towards the mob. I said to my servant who was on the box seat of the carriage in English, "Don't look round: listen to what I say: so soon as you get near a Policeman stop the carriage; and bring him to me at once:" he nodded his appreciation. While uttering the words, the two men on my right disappeared. I watched the one on my left; and made up my mind exactly how and where I should seize him: I put down my newspaper very quietly; and in an instant placed my left foot on the step of the droschski, and caught him by the collar. Judging from his appearance I

should say he was a hair-dresser: no sooner had I reached the ground than a rush of the mob took place: they seized me by the shoulders, arms, legs, and waist: in a few seconds one of the scoundrels who had marched on the right of the carriage returned: he was a big man with red hair; and was apparently in a state of frenzy; the saliva dripping from his mouth: his friends however laid hold of him; and prevented him carrying out his views on my person. Had he got loose, the reader would have been spared these recollections. I did not relax my hold of my prisoner for a moment: a 'blue-bottle' appearing on the scene I desired my servant to take out of my left-hand pocket a note; to read it to him in German. It had 'British Embassy' stamped on it: and was a brief invitation from the Ambassador, Lord Odo Russell, to dine with him the evening before. The 'blue-bottle' took the hint and the man: and at once marched him off. We went through one or two empty

streets, and turned into Police Office No. 132.

The statement of my servant was taken down: he gave a fair account of the transaction. I once interrupted him as to a mistake: the Commissary told me I must not say a word: when the statement was signed by my servant a side-door was opened: into which the man was marched, and the door locked. I said, "I do not want anything but Justice: but that I must have: and unless you assure me that that man will be dealt with according to law I shall make a serious matter of it with the Ambassador. I tell you now, what I did not tell you before, I am a Member of the British Parliament: and you know enough about such things to be aware that, if I choose, it is in my power to make myself extremely disagreeable: and to give a great deal of trouble." The Commissary answered very quietly, "You need have no anxiety whatever: we know perfectly how to deal with

such characters: and we shall not lose our opportunity."

I was quite convinced that he spoke the truth: not only from his demeanour, but from the look of abject terror depicted in the face of the ruffian; who, from the moment that I caught him until the key was turned upon him, never uttered a single word.

A terrible retribution fell upon the misguided people whose prejudices against Britain for not interfering in their quarrel with France had been roused. That night a grand 'Watch-setting' by the collective Bands of the garrison of Berlin took place, opposite to the Imperial Palace. I should have been glad to hear it: but I found that not only was it impossible to approach the 'Place' where the bands were playing, but that the broad street leading to the Palace was so wedged that it was impossible to enter, much less to move in it. After trying several bye-streets I gave it up; and went back to bed. The next

morning a fearful disclosure took place. It appeared that, notwithstanding the condition of the broad street, a Regiment of Infantry had actually forced its way through the dense crowd: the flankers carrying torches. The result was such as might have been anticipated; a fearful destruction of life. Two hundred corpses were found: and the number of persons injured was of course far greater than this.

I anticipate that sooner or later a massacre will take place of the Police of Berlin. In what I have related my prejudices might be against the mob: but I have never in any country seen such ferocious brutality exercised as I witnessed on the part of the Police.

TO PROPHESY the future of France as regards its Government is very difficult. The old Régime, which, under a kind-hearted but not very wise monarch, broke up in the last decade of the eighteenth century, can of course never be renewed.

The epoch of successive revolutions, which culminated in the hardly-disguised despotism of Napoleon I., will, I should say, at intervals recur: possibly under similar, though diminished, circumstances.

'Le premier qui fut Roi fut un soldat heureux:'

a General successfully commanding the French army in a great war will always have a good chance of being placed by this vast body of Prætorians on the throne.

As regards the several dynasties, each of which has a certain claim upon the Sovereignty of France, much will depend upon the individual head of each.

The successors of Louis Philippe may point to his nominally constitutional Government: a government which among a wise and Conservative people might have lasted longer than it did: the difficulty of course being the opportunities for corruption; as exercised by our Kings who followed the Revolution

of 1688: a corruption largely developed in the reign of 'The Citizen King.'

On the other hand the collateral descendants of Napoleon Buonaparte, 'The Corsican Ogre,' as he was known in England, may point to his marvellous capacities as a Soldier, a Statesman, and a Law-giver.

They may say that the founder of that Dynasty elevated France to a political position in Europe unequalled by any nation since the days of Charlemagne: that he raised himself to be for many years the greatest individual power in the world: that he dictated terms to the proudest Empires: that he married the daughter of the Cæsars: and gave to his brothers and other relations, none of them men of conspicuous ability, several of the most ancient thrones: that he changed their Crowns from one Kingdom to another at his caprice: that his dominant mind regulated the details of the various Sovereignties: and that he pandered successfully to the strongest of French passions, national vanity.

They may add that his nephew rose to a position, not so great, but more enduring: that, not inebriated by success, as was his uncle, he used to the benefit of France the Vanity, and the Avarice, of Frenchmen: that, under his leading utterance, '*Pour l'Ordre j'en reponds*,' he enabled French Commerce, Manufactures, and Interior Economy to develop themselves to a degree that, up to that time, had been unequalled: that he waged war successfully with great and ancient Empires: that he was the main cause of establishing Italy for the first time as a united and independent Kingdom: and that he wisely maintained peace with England; without lowering the dignity of France; or wounding the susceptibility, much more acute than is supposed, of the British race.

The Italians have been called 'a race of slaves always rebelling': the restlessness deeply seated in the French character, and the intelligence, and political feeling, which

exists in that people, more perhaps than in any other, must always make the destiny of a Dynasty in France insecure.

Napoleon III. appealed, not so much to the turbulent agitators of the towns of France, as to the homely class of Agriculturists, and to the holders of small properties. This class, existing in all countries, though little heard of in France, showed their appreciation of a strong hand: although their sons were taken off, to be made soldiers in spite of themselves, even this was borne by the compensation of a form of Government which was strong enough to enable them to pursue their peaceful avocations with profit.

The ultimate cataclysm of the Empire produced for some time a reaction on the part of this fickle people against the Buonaparte Dynasty: but it will ultimately be remembered that when an offer was made by the Emperor of Germany to the wife of Napoleon III., after his descent from the throne, to restore him by means

of German bayonets, on condition of his surrender of territory, the Empress, acting under the strict injunctions of her husband, absolutely refused these tempting terms.

THE END.

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DISRAELI AND HIS DAY.

BY SIR WILLIAM FRASER, BARONET,
M.A. OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD,
AUTHOR OF 'WORDS ON WELLINGTON.'

Published by KEGAN PAUL & Co., 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. 500 *pages.* 8vo. *Price* 9*s.*

THE TIMES.

The interest in Disraeli will be abundantly quickened, and not unfrequently gratified, by the publication of Sir William Fraser's work 'Disraeli and His Day.' Sir William Fraser has already shown in his 'Words on Wellington' that he possesses a retentive memory: he has taken an active part in politics, and Parliamentary life: he is a shrewd observer; a keen, but not unkindly, critic: and he was intimate enough with Disraeli to be able occasionally to penetrate the mask which that remarkable man habitually wore. He tells many good stories of many great, and notable, people: and gives a vivid portrait of his principal character: his book is eminently readable, and eminently interesting. We subjoin two anecdotes, not as the best in the book, which abounds in good ones, but as a fair specimen of what the reader may expect from page to page.

THE MORNING POST.

The reader will not turn many pages without finding something interesting or entertaining. Sir William Fraser's book contains much excellent reading: and will be of considerable value to many future writers; seeing how numerous are the eminent personages of the past of whom characteristic anecdotes are narrated.

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strictly personally, there will be found much in this volume which is new to the majority. The book contains a host of good stories about other politicians, and contemporaries of Lord Beaconsfield. Sir William Fraser plainly possesses an opinion of the collective value of the House of Commons, to which only his own words can do justice.

THE SPEAKER.

Sir William Fraser has just published a very interesting book; and one well worth reading: in the front of the picture we have the mysterious outlines, the strange personality, struggling between the bizarre and the romantic of 'The Jew' as big George Bentinck was ever accustomed to nominate the Leader. Sir William Fraser's Disraeli is a very different figure from Sir Stafford Northcote's, 'that well-intentioned and guileless being.'

His best sayings have men's weakness for their text. Sir William's book gives many excellent examples: one laughs throughout. A great many other people are made to cross Sir William Fraser's stage: his notes on them are lively, intelligent, and original.

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The authorship of the 'Letters of Runnymede' is put beyond doubt in Sir William Fraser's book.

The space I have given to this book (four columns) will be a proof that I consider it interesting and important. It is a commendable, welcome, and most readable, addition to the literature on the most romantic figure in England's parliamentary history.

PALL MALL BUDGET.

The book of the week has undoubtedly been Sir William Fraser's Book: it is good news that the Author has another book in preparation. Sir William Fraser, whose stores of anecdotes are inexhaustible, mentions that he never made a note.

SPECTATOR.

Sir William Fraser has compiled a very entertaining volume concerning Disraeli.

Nothing can be more entertaining than Sir William Fraser's account of his own mock duel with Mr. Whalley, or his story of the manner in which Disraeli got the adjournment of the House moved in order to get a lady, whom he did not wish to see, out of the Lobby, where she was waiting to interview him.

THE IRISH TIMES.

The book of this week which will awake the widest interest is Sir William Fraser's 'Disraeli and His Day': and mainly for its anecdotal richness. The Author has admirably recorded what his retentive memory has preserved: he does it with charm, skill, and good nature: a greater tenderness of appreciation of a strangely sensitive, and curiously complex, character will be effected from perusal of this welcome volume.

THE DAILY NEWS.

One keeps on reading page after page with interest. We are undoubtedly indebted to Sir William Fraser for a good deal that the world has not heard before. The volume is all the better for the freeness and frankness of his criticisms: the world will listen for a long time to anyone who can tell it things about Disraeli.

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Sir William Fraser gives very interesting views of Disraeli as he knew him: we know the man a little better after having read the book: he becomes more human; and has after all more in common with the generality of men than he seemed to have.

ERA.

A book which will probably become historical is Sir William Fraser's wonderful collection of anecdotes of Disraeli and his time.

THE SCOTSMAN.

Sir William Fraser's 'Words on Wellington' have prepared the public to expect a treat from the collection of stories which he has now produced about 'Disraeli and His Day': nor will they be disappointed. The value and interest of the collection, taken as a whole, are very considerable: many are good stories, and deserve record simply as such, but the point of all is that they illustrate some trait of character, some habit, or other physical or mental peculiarity, of their subject. The anecdotes are not limited to Disraeli: Palmerston, Peel, and many other notabilities, have a good share of attention.

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* * * * * * *

Thus Sir William in the last sentence of what we hope and trust is not destined to be his last book.

THIRD THOUSAND.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

BY

SIR WILLIAM FRASER, BARONET,

M.A. OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD;

AUTHOR OF 'WORDS ON WELLINGTON,' 'DISRAELI AND HIS DAY.'

Foolscap octavo, cloth gilt, 317 *pp.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

TIMES.

To convey any notion of the multifariousness of Sir William Fraser's reminiscences is impossible within the limits at our command. Those which relate to Marshal Haynau, Doctor Keate, Lord Lucan, Lord Raglan, the late Serjeant-at-Arms, and Mr. W. H. Smith, we mention among a host of others scarcely less interesting. Wellington and Waterloo the author returns to with evident relish. The volume is particularly rich in anecdotes of Thackeray, of whom Sir William was a close friend, and enthusiastic admirer of his writings.

MORNING POST.

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GLOBE.

Sir William Fraser has followed up his very interesting volumes, 'Words on Wellington' and 'Disraeli and his Day,' with another of less bulk, but not of less value and interest. 'Hic et Ubique' is charmingly printed and bound. It is a delightful collection of very varied things. Sir William has much to say about Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Gustave Doré.

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